

The Listener

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Winter sport: ski-ing at Rhön in Germany

German Tourist Information Bureau

The Sign of the Swastika

By Terence Prittie

Pandit Nehru Looks at the Sixties

(a television interview)

The Disappearing God

By J. P. Corbett and R. Gregor Smith

Exploring the Sub-Atomic World

By O. R. Frisch, F.R.S.

Anton Chekhov after 100 Years

By William Gerhardt

New Zealand Literature

By J. A. W. Bennett



'A SILENT TRUMPET'

By PODALIRIUS

Advertising is lies. We all know that now, and a few politicians know it better than the rest of us. No wonder that committees are always being set up to plumb the depths of advertising mendacity, or that their soundings are widely publicised. Why, even this column is, I understand, the harbinger of an advertisement, and so might be worth investigating for unBritish leanings. Meanwhile, it should certainly be taken with a large pinch of salt.

No pinches of salt, though, for politics, which is not a business but an art—the art of the possible. Art is, we all recognise, always crammed with as much truth as can be got into it. Young artists—and therefore presumably young politicians—starve, while cramming, in attics. Whether they starve in them because they tell the truth or *vice versa* one is never sure.

Art, that cornucopia of truth, is, however, but one element in our definition of politics. The other element, "of the possible," does carry undertones. Not "of the desirable" or "the ideal," but of the merely possible.

Well, to get down to earth, certain politicians do keep telling us that the NHS drug bill is too high; it simply lines the pockets of the wicked drug manufacturers, to whose advertising most of the trouble is due. Less publicised than this wholesome expression of opinion is the recently announced fact that in 1957/58 the average hospital bed cost £22 per week, and that to this sum drug costs contributed 14s. 9d.

The final report of the Hinchcliffe Committee on prescribing costs speaks of "the totally inadequate publicity given to the remarkable saving in life, improvement in health, increase in efficiency, and saving on expensive institutional treatment which all stem from, among other things, the use of new drugs." Will that same vocal handful of politicians now tellingly publicise them? You may ask why the drug manufacturers, those adepts at advertising and publicity, have not already done so. Good taste apart, could they perhaps, being in the thick of the battle for new drugs, have felt that some victories are so clear they need no trumpets? And why, in any case, waste breath blowing on a trumpet while others publicise their view that all one's notes are false. Oh, do pass that salt, somebody.

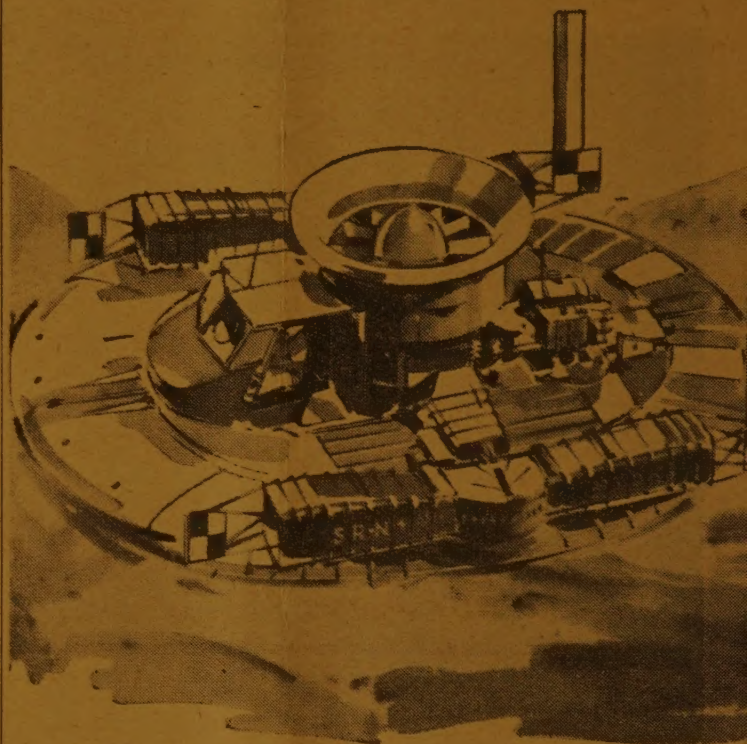
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Well played, Podalirius! The notes, from your trumpet at least, ring out clear and true. Newly discovered drugs are certainly working wonders. But luckily for most of us there is seldom the need to call on them for our general good health—even though our present-day diet can easily lack nutrients vital to our well-being. For we can make up common nutritional deficiencies simply and pleasantly with Bemax. Why Bemax? Because it's stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It contains high concentration of the B-complex, approximately 27% protein (as much as lean beef) and generous amounts of iron. Try sprinkling a little Bemax on your fruit or breakfast cereal each day. You can get it from chemists.

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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:	B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	130
The Sign of the Swastika (Terence Prittie) ...	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Pandit Nehru Looks at the Sixties (a television interview) ...	From Professor Carl Gustav Jung, Dr. E. A. Bennet,	
Russia's Reorganization of Defence (Malcolm Macintosh) ...	Donald MacRae, Dennis J. Rippington, Rabbi Dr. May-	
The Fall of Kirichenko (Walter Kolarz) ...	baum, Herbert Addison, A. H. Hanson, Professor H.	
M. Pinay and President de Gaulle (Thomas Cadett) ...	Graham Cannon, and G. B. B. M. Sutherland ...	133
THE LISTENER:	ART:	
Plays and Periods ...	Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	137
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ...	Forgotten Galleries—X: Birmingham (Quentin Bell) ...	138
DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
SCIENCE:	Television Documentary (Hilary Corke) ...	144
Exploring the Sub-Atomic World (O. R. Frisch, F.R.S.) ...	Television Drama (Irving Wardle) ...	144
Width and Wisdom (Magnus Pyke) ...	Sound Drama (Frederick Laws) ...	145
POEMS:	The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson) ...	146
Frozen Bonfire (Arthur Wolseley Russell) ...	Music (Jeremy Noble) ...	146
A Considered Reply to a Child (Jonathan Price) ...	MUSIC:	
Still Life (Jon Stallworthy) ...	Benjamin Britten and English Opera (Wilfrid Mellers) ...	149
Prinz Eugen (Charles Causley) ...	BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ...	150
LITERATURE:	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	151
Anton Chekhov after 100 Years (William Gerhardt) ...	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	151
New Zealand Writing (J. A. W. Bennett) ...	CROSSWORD NO. 1,547 ...	151
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...		
Short Stories and a Novel (P. N. Furbank) ...		
RELIGION:		
The Disappearing God (J. P. Corbett and R. Gregor Smith) ...		

The Sign of the Swastika

By TERENCE PRITTIE

CHRISTMAS 1959 promised to be the most peaceful and comfortable in Western Germany since the war; yet a whole nation was violently jolted out of its beauty sleep of material well-being when swastikas and slogans were smeared on the walls of the Cologne synagogue. The sense of shock in the West German community was considerable. 'We were suddenly reminded', one German told me, 'that although we did not believe that it *could* all happen again, it all *might* happen again'. This was one reason why West Germans were worried, indignant, even disgusted. There were plenty of others. The most operative perhaps was that the Cologne outrage happened on Christmas Day. Germans are sentimental. Christmas is not just a religious and family festival; it is axiomatic that it is a time when there is only goodwill among all men. So the daubing of the Cologne synagogue raised an outcry; the daubing of the Dusseldorf synagogue, ten months earlier, passed unnoticed. So did the desecrations of over 170 Jewish cemeteries during the last ten years. They were usually ascribed to 'children at play'.

West Germans are sedulous disciples of the belief that the West should remain united. Plenty of Germans were disturbed by the nagging thought that the Cologne incident would earn Germany hard words abroad. It was this thought that induced Dr. Adenauer to make the highly suspect suggestion that the outrages were part of a deep-laid plot. There is not the slightest evidence that such a plot ever existed. Those who blamed the communist-controlled Socialist Unity Party in Eastern Germany were as wrong about this as those who blamed 'international' fascism.

A third reason why Germans were so affected by the Cologne and subsequent incidents was that they bitterly resented being shaken out of their particular beauty sleep. Just at that moment, indeed, that beauty sleep had been mildly disturbed by a fleeting

dream, but what a mundane dream! The President of the Federal Bank had issued a solemn warning against the dangers of inflation; the hitherto unchecked upward thrust of the Stock Market had halted; a record Federal budget was not going to be balanced; there was even talk of a threat to the D-mark, so long sailing, like the man in the moon, on a backcloth of silver and gold. That indeed was a dream. And, on January 11, the President of the Bank said so. But the anti-semitic outrages were reality.

Why did the baker's assistant and the accountant's clerk smear the Cologne synagogue? It is unthinkable that they did so at the bidding of a communist or international fascist 'underground'. Russians and East Germans know that under a German law which has never heard of *habeas corpus*, young men can be held indefinitely under interrogatory arrest. Since the age group most concerned in the outrages was from fourteen to eighteen it was fairly sure that near-children would talk under arrest. Nor would international fascism make use of mere boys. The Cologne police jumped to what seemed an obvious conclusion—the two young men belonged to the Reichs Party. They accordingly arrested its local chairman, Ernst Custodis, but they had to release him eight days later for lack of evidence to connect him with the physical facts of the outrage. And the Reichs Party expelled the two young men and dissolved its Cologne branch. Would it have used the young men like this if they were acting on party orders? More likely it would have tried to make martyrs of them.

The explanation of the Cologne and other outrages, I believe, lies much deeper than in Reichs Party counsels or in the undoubted efforts of communist propaganda to discredit Western Germany. Here is one part of the explanation. The outrages were mainly the work of young men. Of the first thirty people arrested, 50 per cent. were under twenty years old; another 25 per cent. were

between twenty and thirty. There are plenty of frustrated young men in Germany today, as elsewhere, but frustrated young West Germans are singularly lacking in ideals. And how should it be otherwise? Can one be inspired by patriotism when one's country is divided between the West and the Communist bloc; or by the hope of European union when General de Gaulle is moving along the tangent of French self-interest, and when the Six and the Seven are at economic loggerheads? Or is the defence of the West a ready-made ideal? I doubt it. Allied troops on German soil are still regarded, and often treated, as occupiers. Even in the Bundeswehr there are plenty of Germans who resent them. And old traditional German loyalties mean little to young Germans today, if they have even heard of them. Hitler thrust those loyalties into the melting pot. No wonder many young Germans find no inspiration in the smugness, the drabness, of the 'Federal village' of Bonn, in its dull political routine and periodic petty scandals. The thought that the new Germany might be built on real federal foundations is dead. Laender governments are mere administrative offices, and the overdue transfer of their authority over education would leave them dead as doornails. What is left? The Bundeswehr, with its armaments curtailed by international agreement and its hybrid Germano-transatlantic uniforms? Or a system of society ruled by wealth, and the over-scrupulous division of one class from another?

Turning to Old Ideals

Lack of new ideals has made some Germans turn to old ones. 'He was a man', a German said to me of ex-General von Manteuffel, who was sent to prison only six months ago for having a soldier shot for cowardice in 1944. Mentally this German was comparing the still trim, debonair Prussian general with the row of his unimpressive judges. Germans have always needed heroes, needed therefore to create them as well as worship them. This may have been why commanders of German fighter squadrons were credited with enemy aircraft which they never shot down; this is why the war-time air ace, Hans-Ulrich Rudel, the Reichs Party's number one public speaker, is still regarded as a hero today; this is why it is primarily the young who flock to listen to the political nonsense talked by 'Papa' Ramcke, that last-ditch defender of the fortress of Brest; or to greet ex-S.S. General 'Panzer' Meyer when he returned from a war criminals' gaol; this is what gave ex-General Otto Remer his considerable public appeal six years ago. To many Germans, Ramcke, Remer, and the rest mean loyalty to the flag; unquenchable courage; undoubted powers of leadership; and the appeal of that comradeship in arms which so contrasts with the humdrum life of today.

It would be an over-simplification to attribute anti-semitic outrages simply to lack of ideals. Why, in any case, should Germans react to this by persecuting the Jews? An easy answer would be that the Jews have been persecuted in many other countries and for a long time. More appositely many Germans are still influenced by notions of racial superiority. They do not apply these ideas to Jews alone but to Poles, and Czechs, sometimes even to Swiss, Austrians, French. Jews have suffered particularly in Britain for social reasons; in Russia because they were rich. In Germany they have suffered because of German xenophobia. Geography and the political divisions of Europe in the last fifty years have made German xenophobia a frightening fact. What neighbouring people have Germans ever been brought up to regard as real friends? They invaded the tiny Duchy of Luxembourg twice; trampled a small and friendly Denmark in 1940. Even now, many Germans would be prepared to argue they were right to do so. But the Jews, who were in the German midst—they made the most convenient whipping boy of all.

Nor is the argument valid that the Jewish community in Germany is today so small and weak that it should attract no attention. Certainly there are barely 40,000 Jews where once there were 600,000. Certainly a high proportion of them are old, childless, and a little frightened, but they are regarded, much as before, as strangers, and one correspondent to *Die Welt* wrote recently from Berlin to say that they would do best not to come back to Germany, where they could get no ready welcome. Nor does weakness necessarily produce a reflex of pity: on the contrary it may be an invitation to the bully. What emotions excited those Bavarian policemen who forced their way into Foehrenwald

refugee camp a few years ago and, admittedly under provocation, assaulted cringing Jews with shouts of 'Back to the gas chambers'? The sheer physical fear of Jews in Germany is one of the most pitiful consequences of the Cologne outrage; for they know there is a pathological human urge to crush what is feeble; nor is this restricted to Germans.

Conventional Bullies and Brainless Louts

Some of the smearers of swastikas are conventional bullies; others are brainless louts who wanted to make a nuisance of themselves. Typical of these were two sixteen-year-olds from Niebuell, close to the Danish frontier. In thirty years Niebuell has suffered nothing worse than the polite pressure of a Danish separatist movement. It is a homely, peaceful place. But the two sixteen-year-olds wanted to have their caper, and to chalk up 'idiot' and 'sold out' on a particular shop. The Cologne incident suggested a better way of creating a local sensation. They were too young to send to prison. Instead they have been set to work to scrub the floors of the rectory and clean out the church. Figures tell their story. About half of the swastika smearers were under twenty; possibly 120 people were involved in the first fifty outrages. The antics of half of them should not, I think, be taken too seriously.

Of course some Germans, perhaps especially the young men in their twenties, have been turning to the wrong mentors. These fall into three categories: 'old' nazi literature; 'new' nazi literature; and the 'old' nazi élite. The activities of the last group are circumscribed. Admittedly, the Reichs Party runs seventy youth social groups throughout Western Germany. Admittedly, their members can listen, once in a while, to Ramcke and Rudel, to nazi professors, jurists, historians, lunatics. But the Reichs Party carries an obvious tag; it is a political failure. Old nazis carry their own labels too; so does 'old' nazi literature, although *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* were plentiful in the rooms of the young men of the right-wing groups which have been investigated by the police since Christmas.

The 'new' nazi literature is more important. There are the memoirs of Von Papen; Admirals Doenitz and Raeder; the letters of Hess and Ribbentrop; there are the flattering vignettes of Hitler produced by his chauffeur, his housemaid, his boyhood friend in Vienna. There is *Hitler's Table-talk*, ostensibly published to enlighten serious minded students on the Fuehrer's character, but becoming the Bible of a new generation of German fascists. These books are churned out by nearly forty publishing houses, nazi-run or nazi-tainted, like the Plesse Verlag and the Verlagsanstalt in Goettingen, the Druffel Verlag in Bavaria, the Abendland Verlag in Wuppertal. The work of these publishing houses is supplemented by the 'new' nazi book clubs and lending libraries. The Waffen S.S. has one, the Wiking Ruf library in Hanover; ex-General of S.S. Herbert Gille has another in Stemmen; the nationalist Stahlhelm has its own in Bonn. The Breinlinger Book Club, in Berchtesgaden, has been circulating its members about 'the lie that 6,000,000 Jews were ever murdered'. The book clubs have their panels of speakers who conduct seminars or discussion evenings all over the country. Many of those who come to listen are young people in search of an ideal.

Echoes of 'Brown' Nazi Press

Yet another arm of 'new' nazi literature is provided by weekly and monthly newspapers. A score of these are regularly published and their message is terribly like the message of the 'brown' nazi press of the nineteen-thirties, when Dr. Goebbels attacked the Treaty of Versailles and proclaimed Imperial Germany's innocence of any part in causing the first world war. His anonymous successors attack Potsdam and write of 'that worse slander of Germany's war guilt in 1939'. Goebbels never had a Jewish persecution to explain; his job was to promote one. But the S.S. paper *Der Ring* wrote lately that Hitler's deportation of the Jews was a reprisal for Jewish sabotage, that only a few fanatics took part in the mass liquidation of the Jews, and that Jewish prisoners played a vital part in collaborating in the murder of their own kind. The 'new' nazi press calls for the release of all 'so-called' war criminals; for

(continued on page 150)

Pandit Nehru Looks at the Sixties

An interview with JAMES MOSSMAN in the B.B.C. television programme 'Panorama'

James Mossman: I would like to ask whether you think that the 'cold war' will continue into the sixties.

Pandit Nehru: I should think not. It would be a very bad thing if it lasted; already there are some signs of its getting less. When it will entirely cease it is difficult to say, but I think progressively it will get less and less.

Mossman: What major concessions do you think that either, say, America or Russia could make in the next ten years or would be likely to make that would end it?

Nehru: Major concessions have to be considered in the light of a particular problem. For instance, now we are dealing with European problems, Germany, etc. I do not know and I really cannot say what concessions should be made: the real thing is if they could get rid of this fear that the other will attack them; once they get rid of that fear the rest becomes relatively easy.

Mossman: Do you think the Russian Communist system will become increasingly a search for a welfare state and will abandon world revolution?

Nehru: I think that has already happened; I do not think that Russia has any desire for territorial expansion. She is what I would call a satisfied power territorially. Naturally she has a desire to impress the world with her own achievements, but that is a good thing in a sense, because it leads to internal evolution and not anything that frightens others.

Mossman: What about Chinese Communism? I think you said recently that no power, or no government, in the world, cared less about peace?

Nehru: I think that is the present phase of it; I have no doubt that even China will get out of it, but when, I cannot say; she cannot live up to this rate or this level.

Mossman: Do you think the Russians would try to restrain China during the period in which she was getting out of the growing pains?

Nehru: Russian influence, I suppose, will be emphasized in that direction to some extent. One cannot really restrain people or countries too much; but if one tries, it has some effect certainly.

Mossman: Do you expect Chinese influence to increase in Asia?

Nehru: It is a fact that China and India are the two biggest countries of Asia. If you go back 1,500 years or so, for several hundred years China and India faced each other all over south-east Asia. They happened also to spread out more; the others were quieter people. During all that period there was no essential conflict between India and China, although they had been in contact from central Asia to south-east Asia. And undoubtedly both China and India, in their own ways, will influence other countries round about. Chinese influence will be very considerable. How far that influence takes aggressive forms is another matter.

Mossman: Do you feel a sense of responsibility to the smaller Asian states watching this experiment in China and India?

Nehru: It is good enough for me to have a sense of responsibility for my own country, without having to think of other states. If we make good in India then they would be affected by it undoubtedly.

Mossman: Do you feel that the basis of this influence is going to be an economic one for both China and India, as opposed to a military one? That is, he who can produce the miracle of development first may have the initiative?

Nehru: Yes, undoubtedly the day of military influence will grow less and less.

Mossman: All over the world?

Nehru: All over the world; not now but in the course of years; because really, if you think of it, it is getting out of date, this kind of thing. Of course, with scientific developments and the tremendous weapons and all that, war as such is just unthinkable in any big way. There will be considerable disarmament, there is bound to be, some time or other. Even then strength will be with the industrialized and scientific nations. The next ten years are going to be a hard struggle for India, China, and other countries in Asia and Africa—a very hard struggle: first of all to provide the necessities of life, food being the first.

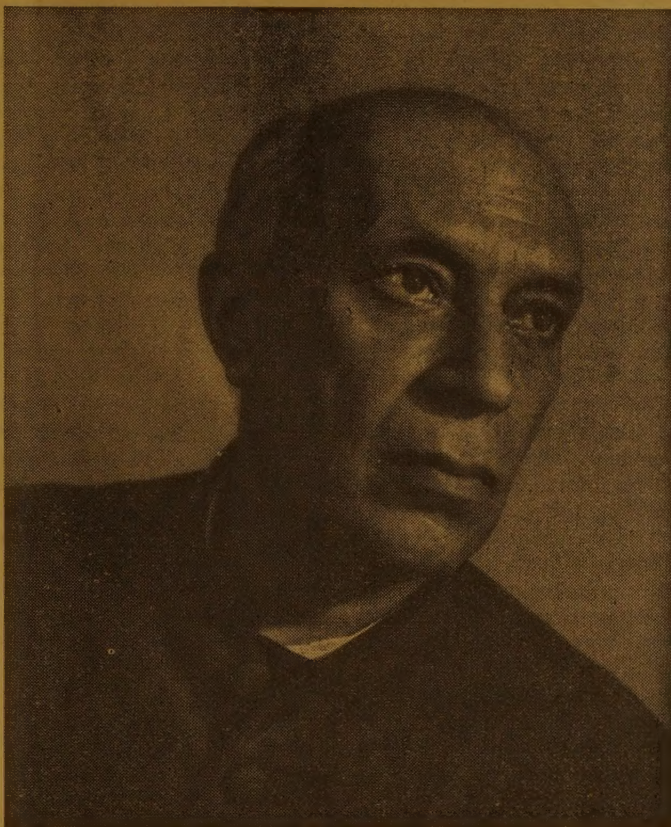
Mossman: Do you think that the non-capitalist countries will outnumber the capitalist ones in time?

Nehru: Capitalism today is very different from what it was even fifty years ago, much more so than it was 100 years ago. It has changed very much. So, in fact, have the Communist countries, at any rate the older ones. I don't say they are giving up

their basic economic policies, but they are changing, they are really approaching each other. The real difference today in the world is between the well-to-do countries and the underdeveloped countries. The other difference is a temporary one.

Mossman: Now that the British Commonwealth contains so many completely different types of system, do you think it can possibly weather the next ten years without changing its form?

Nehru: The Commonwealth has shown remarkable powers of adaptation and resilience. Of course that also means that its members have sat tight and done nothing—allowed everybody to do what he chose. But it is a virtue. It is a virtue to prevent a deadlock by not coming near it, by just allowing things to go on. But, I think, in the balance it certainly is a force for creating the atmosphere for the solution. The members of the Commonwealth don't solve the problems, they just help in creating that atmosphere. Even Ghana and South Africa sit at the same table in London or wherever they may meet—which is a new development—and South Africa may not like it but she has to put up with it. Therefore I do think that the Commonwealth has a good role to play even in racial relations.



A hitherto unpublished photograph of Mr. Nehru

Lotte Meitner-Graf

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Russia's Reorganization of Defence

By MALCOLM MACKINTOSH

THERE can be little doubt that the first point which emerges from an examination of Mr. Khrushchev's speech announcing large cuts in the Soviet armed forces shows that his plan is not a measure of disarmament, but a major defence reorganization, which deserves the closest study in the West.

The size and strength of Soviet forces are naturally related to the type of military doctrine upheld by the Soviet leaders. There is no secret about the Soviet attitude to war; it can be studied in the Soviet military press, where the views of Soviet political and military leaders on the form a third world war might take are regularly discussed. On the strength of this evidence, it is easy to trace the official Soviet view. This is based on the belief that in a future world war the communist world would stand greater chances of survival than the capitalist states, no matter how great the destruction caused to both sides. As Mr. Khrushchev put it in his speech: 'The territory of the Soviet Union is enormous and it would suffer less, while the West would suffer more; and that would be the end of the capitalist world'.

But that is not all: Soviet military thinkers further maintain that wars are still won on the battlefield through a clash of armies; and that the survival of the communist world in an exchange of nuclear strikes between East and West would also mean a greater Soviet military capacity to go on to win the war after both sides have used their nuclear power. It is clear to me, therefore, that the Soviets' aim is to preserve a force which, having survived the nuclear exchange through dispersal and protection, would be available afterwards to continue the war until final victory.

How, then, does Mr. Khrushchev's announcement fit in with this doctrine? The greater part of the cut is intended to fall on the air force and the surface navy, and they are to be replaced by a rocket-fire power designed to improve the strength of the armed

forces. In fact, some of the weapons now on the way are described as 'fantastic' in their power. In principle, this type of reorganization is compatible with what is known of Soviet military thought. If Mr. Khrushchev claims that his country is more likely to survive than the West, he must support his claim by creating a more effective ground-to-air defence system and a more terrible retaliatory power. And both of these depend upon new and perhaps 'fantastic' techniques of rocketry.

There is another point here. Part of the cut of 1,200,000 men must fall on the land forces, for the figures show that this is the combined strength of the existing navy and air force and the Russians are certainly not going to do away with these altogether. But this, too, is generally consistent with Soviet military doctrine, for the essence of Soviet plans is to preserve the land forces during a nuclear exchange through protection and dispersal, and it is necessary to find the right size and type of force in relation to future tasks and to the protective and dispersal resources of the Soviet Union. If this land army is to be re-equipped with new tactical rocket weapons, it too can gradually dispense with superfluous manpower. There is no doubt in my mind that the men released from the three services in this way will go to industry and agriculture to help in the drive to surpass the United States in economic power, and to strengthen the Soviets' challenge to the West in the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Mr. Khrushchev's pronouncements on defence in the past have not always coincided with practical defence policy. For example, at the very time when he advised Western governments a few years ago to throw their manned bombers on the rubbish heap, his own air force was putting a new giant manned bomber into service with the Soviet long-range air force. My guess is that the debate on defence policy will continue inside the Kremlin but with the ball very much at Mr. Khrushchev's feet.

— *At Home and Abroad* (Home Service)

The Fall of Kirichenko

By WALTER KOLARZ

MANY things have changed in the Soviet Union, but the manner in which leading Soviet personalities are shifted to minor jobs has not. From a report about the meeting of the Communist Party Committee of the Rostov Province the Soviet public learns that one of the most important Kremlin personalities, Aleksei Ilarionovich Kirichenko, a 'key' figure in both the Party Praesidium and the Central Party Secretariat, has been demoted to the post of provincial party secretary. Since the dismissal of Marshal Bulganin in March 1958, this is the most remarkable change in the high councils of the Kremlin. It shows that the situation in the Soviet Party Praesidium is much less stable than many people abroad have been inclined to believe until now. Kirichenko's fall from grace—and his transfer from Moscow to Rostov defies any other explanation—further indicates that the struggle for power continues at the top of the Soviet power pyramid, and that rival cliques continue to exist.

Kirichenko was known until last week to be the head of the powerful Ukrainian faction in the Kremlin. It is well known that Mr. Khrushchev has in recent years surrounded himself with people who have worked with him in the Ukrainian party apparatus, and Kirichenko was by far the most important of these former Ukrainian associates of the Soviet leader. Under Mr. Khrushchev, Kirichenko served in the Ukrainian party secretariat, first as

secretary in charge of industrial problems, later as head of the personnel department. When Mr. Khrushchev left the Ukraine, Kirichenko advanced to the position of Second Secretary, and after Stalin's death he became the First Secretary and thus the real ruler of the Ukrainian Communist Party. In December 1955 he was promoted to membership of the Soviet Party Praesidium, and in December 1957 Mr. Khrushchev took him to Moscow, where he has worked in the party secretariat, possibly even as Mr. Khrushchev's number two.

The twenty-first Party Congress saw Kirichenko at the climax of his influence. While other members of the Party Praesidium covered in their speeches only a narrow field, Kirichenko impressed the delegates by the all-embracing nature of his contribution. It was, as it were, a Khrushchev report in miniature. Kirichenko spoke about industry, agriculture, questions of party organization, the Komsomol, the international communist movement, the question of nationalities, the opening up of the Soviet Far East, and other subjects. Special praise for Mr. Khrushchev was interspersed here and there in this wide *tour d'horizon*. At one point Mr. Khrushchev complimented Kirichenko on the 'good line' he had taken in his speech, and Kirichenko accepted the interruption with demonstrative gratitude. At that time—and it was only a year ago—it seemed as if Kirichenko was being groomed for big tasks, perhaps even for the role of Dauphin.

Unfortunately for Kirichenko, the Ukrainian group in the Party Presidium which supported his rise to power appears to be opposed by another clearly recognizable faction in the Kremlin, the Leningraders—people who have at one time or another served in the Leningrad party organization, that is: not necessarily born in Leningrad. It comprises important people like Frol Kozlov and Nikolai Ignatov. These Leningraders may have looked upon Kirichenko's growing influence with diffidence and resented the ever-increasing invasion of Ukrainian communists into the party secretariat and other key positions.

It will take some time before we know the full truth about all this. Nevertheless, historical experience points to the fact that Mr. Khrushchev's lieutenants are plotting and intriguing against one another as much as the members of Stalin's Politburo did.

The full details about their quarrels and rivalries are unknown, even today, although we know as a fact that they were divided by deep and bitter conflicts and mutual distrust. Mr. Khrushchev is today as old as Stalin was at the end of the second world war, and it is only natural that the problem of his succession should become increasingly important and occupy the minds of his collaborators to an ever-increasing degree. For the time being there seems no limit to Mr. Khrushchev's dynamism, and he is in a strong enough position to reduce to a minimum the potential damage which the existing rivalries might cause to the communist system. But he must reckon with them and take action from time to time, and play off the rival factions against one another. Kirichenko's surprising removal from the seat of power to Rostov may well belong in this category of preventive measures.

—From a talk in the European Services

M. Pinay and President de Gaulle

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

LAST week the first major breach of Cabinet unity in the short history of the French Fifth Republic came with President de Gaulle's dismissal of his Finance Minister, M. Antoine Pinay. If one had to rely on the General's communiqué on the affair, or even on what M. Pinay had to say for publication afterwards, one would be little the wiser as to what it was all about. General de Gaulle merely referred to a dismissal at the request of the Prime Minister, M. Debré, for 'reasons concerning the internal functioning of the Government'—whatever that may mean. M. Pinay, for his part, said that the General had offered him the post of Minister of State; that he had answered that he would accept any post, whatever its title, provided he were allowed to continue openly and without quibbling to consolidate and pursue the economic, financial, and monetary policy drawn up by him in December 1958. General de Gaulle had been unable to give this assurance. M. Pinay added, with a pride justified by results, that during his stewardship the national record for economic activity had been beaten; the Treasury Reserves had reached a level never equalled before, and that the influx of foreign currency had been well over £650,000,000.

On the face of it, then, financial and economic questions formed part of the issues between M. Pinay and M. Debré, and behind him General de Gaulle himself. It is known that M. Pinay felt that other Ministers were infringing on his prerogatives, and that they—with the Prime Minister's support—were pressing for measures which, in his view, called for too much state interference with business and industry and would endanger the financial recovery started by his co-called 'austerity programme' of the past year. I say so-called austerity without feeling unjust or sneering, because by British standards our French friends do not begin to know what voluntary or self-imposed austerity is like. They endured hellish restrictions during the German occupation, and it may be that which produced the 'never again' spirit so evident today. But financial and economic issues were far from being the only cause of the Pinay-De Gaulle quarrel. There is no doubt that M. Pinay, like a considerable number of other people in political circles, has been worried by General de Gaulle's cavalier attitude towards Nato and France's allies therein. The General has caused them concern, too, by his obvious failure to share their belief in the importance of developing European unity. In other words, they suspect and fear a growing tendency that General de Gaulle may extend his taste for splendid personal isolation to his policies for the nation.

There have, too, certainly been personal reasons for the break-up. As General de Gaulle has learned with distaste, M. Pinay is a stubborn, outspoken man, determined to apply to national affairs, within permissible limits, the rigid principles he has successfully applied for many years past to running his tannery in his native town of St. Chamond. Furthermore, M. Pinay is a politician with a considerable following not only in politics but in the

extensive business circles who like his cautious and orthodox ideas. And, finally, though there may be other reasons for the clash of personalities, M. Pinay is a hangover from the two previous French Republics, for both of which General de Gaulle has never had much use.

There is a growing feeling, too, that General de Gaulle is on his way towards a régime in which his powers will be even greater than they are now, and that one way of doing this is to increase the already substantial number of non-politicians in the Ministry and introduce instead civil servants or technicians—men who are perhaps less likely to answer back where policy is concerned. This thought has not been discouraged by the appointment of M. Baumgartner, the brilliant Governor of the Bank of France, as the new Finance Minister, though he is known to have orthodox views.

I do not think that immediate political repercussions will be spectacular. M. Pinay himself has announced his intention of retiring from politics for a while, though he may well decide to stage a comeback if and when he feels that the time is ripe. Parliament is not sitting and could do nothing if it were, unless prepared to risk a head-on clash with the General. Even so, resentment is growing among the non-Gaullist politicians, and when Parliament does meet in the spring, the General may yet find that at last he is up against something like an opposition. As for the man in the street, he cannot be bothered with politics unless they touch him directly and for the moment he is prepared to let things stay as they are.—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

THE LISTENER

next week will include

Basil Taylor on 'Cubism'

Jens Arup on

'The Future of the English Repertory Theatre'

Noel Annan on

'John Stuart Mill'

'Ludwig Wittgenstein: a Symposium'

and

Lord Shawcross's television interview in

'Face to Face'

The Listener

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Plays and Periods

A RECENT report of an audience-research inquiry published by the B.B.C. entitled *The Public and the Programmes** shows, among other things, that plays are the most popular category both in sound and in television broadcasting. The output is astonishing. The Sound Drama Department provides some 375 plays a year, while last year the Television Drama Department presented 350 programmes (including serial plays and 'characterized documentaries'). Two of the television plays which made a profound impact were Ibsen's *Brand* and Lorca's *Blood Wedding*. The controversial but exciting work of the Langham Group has aroused comment, while on the lighter side *Quatermass* and other serials have offered acceptable 'live' entertainment to a vast viewing audience. When one considers that on an average one play is produced every day of the year it can scarcely be denied that a high level is being maintained and that those who pay the full licence fee receive their money's worth.

A new series of television plays which has just been launched by the B.B.C., called 'Twentieth Century Theatre', beginning with productions of Galsworthy's *Justice*, Dodie Smith's *Dear Octopus*, and Jean Anouilh's *Colombe*, was the subject of some correspondence in THE LISTENER last week. It has been pointed out that:

The stresses of the time, its changing face and fortune, have inevitably and rightly been reflected in the theatre by the playwrights who rebelled—and by those who conformed. For not every mirror held up to nature has reflected an angry image. There have been mirrors of comedy and satire too.

It is claimed for the series that when all the plays have been seen, 'the picture of the twentieth-century theatre in the first sixty years [of this century] will be a full one'. Moreover, as Mr. Michael Barry, Head of B.B.C. Television Drama, observed in his letter to us, a theatre which offered plays by Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Priestley, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, James Bridie, and Walter Greenwood was not only a gifted one but a challenging one. Furthermore it would scarcely be accepted by men and women who grew to manhood during the twenty years between the two wars against Germany, even though those years may have been regarded then and since as an Age of Guilt, that the challenge of the times was disregarded, culminating, as it did, in the struggle against mass unemployment and the fight with fascism.

No doubt it is difficult for the 'Angry Young Men', who grew up during the last war or since, to think back sympathetically into those years. Naturally enough, they perceive the great failures—the tragedy of unemployment and the world war—and feel that their fathers and grandfathers must have been complacent to let such terrible things come to pass. They see plays like *Dear Octopus* and read novels about love in country houses and suppose that people of their own age, thirty years ago, were all burying their heads in the sands. Mr. Barry's contemporaries, however, will share his restrained indignation at the thought that intelligent men and women of those days (whether they worked for the theatre or not) failed to respond to the challenge of society and politics; and that goes for the pre-1914 generation too. Still the youth of one generation always reacts—and sometimes uncharitably—against its predecessor. As one grows older, one becomes more tolerant and, one hopes, more fair.

* Price 8s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Moscow radio on arms, and Africa

AMID THE WORLD-WIDE DISCUSSION of Mr. Khrushchev's announcement that Russia will cut the personnel of her armed forces by a third was a commentary broadcast from Moscow radio in English for the United Kingdom in which the Soviet commentator took as his text the fact that British military expenditure is about £1,500,000,000 annually. He went on:

Immense material resources and manpower are wasted completely from the point of view of the welfare of the people. Industrial enterprises could be built, factories re-equipped, more consumer goods produced and the social services improved with the millions of pounds that are deftly extracted from the pockets of the taxpayers.

The Russian broadcaster touched on three improvements which, he said, could be effected in Britain 'if military expenditure were reduced'. The first was an increase of at least ten shillings in the old-age pension; the second was house-building and slum-clearance ('In the past two years the construction of new houses in Britain has dropped sharply, and the reason is lack of funds'); the third improvement was modernization of the railways. Half a million railway workers would stand to gain, said the Soviet commentator, as well as 'millions of passengers who are now forced to find the extra shillings for higher fares'.

Another Russian transmission reported an interview with a high official of the Soviet State Planning Commission about the future of those to be demobilized from the Russian armed forces. He said that there was a great demand for manpower everywhere, particularly in the northern regions, Siberia, the Urals, the Far East, and Kazakhstan, and that those going to collective and state farms would enjoy special privileges in the matter of financial loans and training.

In a home service commentary on the East German radio, Professor Gerhart Eisler was concerned to reassure East Germans that the Russian decision to reduce military personnel is no sign of weakness. 'Khrushchev', he said, 'replied to all the nonsensical talk, recently again produced in West Berlin by Adenauer, that the Soviet Union must disarm owing to economic difficulties'. The East German commentator went on to expound Russian economic growth during 1959 and declared: 'The cut in the Soviet armed forces is being carried out because Russia is strong and powerful, and motivated by the desire to advance the cause of disarmament'.

A few days before the Kenya conference opened in London, Moscow radio in English for Africa gave an account of a book, *General Africa* by Iyonov-Leonov, which was the story of a young African named Dedan Gituri or Dedan Kimathi, who 'joined the partisans in Kenya; became their leader under the name of "General Africa" and was eventually killed'. The broadcast claimed to tell the story of the Kikuyu people's struggle in 1952-56 against their 'enslavers'. In order to discredit the liberation movement in Kenya, said the Soviet broadcast, the British authorities maintained that they were fighting not against the people but against a religious secret society named Mau Mau. In reality this was non-existent; the authorities had invented it.

Shortly before Mr. Macmillan's visit to the Central African Federation the 'Voice of Free Africa' in Swahili commented:

In central Africa Britain still has influence and Macmillan's visit will be a test with regard to the future steps he may take. . . . The world will be listening to hear Macmillan talk about his attitude towards the question of central Africa, particularly as it is publicly known that the Africans in all the territories are opposed to the Federation . . .

Russian-home service commentators continue to be much pre-occupied with culture. A Soviet reporter describing a recent visit to Picasso's studio said that although 'in his responsible moments Picasso acts as a true citizen' ('Guernica' and the painting 'War and Peace' were instanced), yet 'his other side' is very difficult to understand 'because of the symbolism'. Thus, 'for all our approval of Picasso the citizen, we cannot call him a realist painter', said the Russian commentator.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

A PERFECT SKI-SLOPE

'WE HAD CROSSED the Rhine', said S. P. B. MAIS in a talk in the Home Service, 'passed through the horrible sounding Buchs and Grabs, and climbed through woods which suddenly parted like a curtain to reveal a vista that was completely unexpected and left me gasping with delight as I looked down, I was expecting to see a distant view of the lake of Zürich.

"Ten minutes' break for elevenses", said the courier; and we all tumbled out of the coach like children out of school in our eagerness to find relief and refreshment. This was routine, our fifteenth day of it. All I saw at first was a clean, quiet village square with two large, shining clock towers on adjoining churches, clocks on which the times did not tally. I turned into the cheerful, spotlessly clean restaurant, and took my seat at a window overlooking the wide valley. I ordered a coffee Kirsch and looked out. I could not believe my eyes.

'Only the night before we had halted for the same length of time for similar reasons at St. Anton, which the courier had described as "one of the best-known winter sports centres in the world". About this superb, wide valley of sunlit slopes down which I was now gazing she vouchsafed no word.

'On the left rose the seven, grey, hooded sisters of the Churfirsten, like nuns bowing in adoration, while on the right stood the lonely massif of Santis, a monster crag with one jagged tooth. In between lay these wide, gentle, and sometimes not so gentle, slopes, mile upon mile of them, ordained by nature and the hand of man for ski-ing.

'I asked the courier its name. She seemed surprised. "You wouldn't know it", she said. "English skiers never come here; only Germans and Swiss".

'Granted that it is only 1,100 metres, it is still the highest village of the range. I saw a ski-lift here, and a chair-lift there. So obviously somebody skied here when the snow came. The fields were now carpeted with mauve autumn crocuses among which a herd of Friesians were peacefully grazing. There were no cries of "Achtung". There was no one about to cry "Achtung". As we re-entered the coach the courier added one comment: "Zwingli", she said, "was born here".

'As we drove on down the valley I noticed that the whole road was lined with unusually attractive wooden chalets and that many of them bore dates centuries old. We passed through one picturesque hamlet after another, and at the foot of the long valley came to a town, where we turned at right angles to the lake of Zürich. All the way down this sweet and open valley there were chalets and small hotels. So there is no lack of accommodation for the skier. What is much more important is that there is no lack of room on the slopes. I have never seen so much room on snow slopes. They are as roomy as Salisbury Plain. It is quite ludicrous at seventy-four to want to turn summer into winter, but I passionately longed to see snow cover the autumn crocuses and see whether I was right, whether those slopes were what I imagined them to be, the perfect ski-ing slopes.

'The hills lay far, far back. That meant sun all day. It meant long, gentle meandering (if you can use the word meandering of

ski-ing) where the old-fashioned skier like myself might even indulge in the graceful, minuet-like telemark instead of the crazy modern cha-cha-like christy, which makes a skier look like a scalded cricket as he makes his turns. When I started forty years ago, Arnold Lunn and I had the Alps to ourselves. Today skiers in every German, Swiss, Austrian, Italian, and French mountain



'An exact and lively mapp of Booths and all varieties of shows and Humours upon the ICE on the River of Thames' during the great frost of 1683

village are "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa".

'The name of this divine slope that I have never ever seen under snow? Wild horses would not drag it from me. But here is a clue: Fly to Zürich, take the train to Buchs. It is three-quarters of an hour from there by postal coach. Ask for the birth-place of Zwingli. And remember I said that wild horses would not drag the name from me'.

FROST FAIR

'I do not suppose any of us are likely to see the Thames frozen over, the way it was in the January of 1683', said ERNLE BRADFORD in 'Today' (Home Service). 'Then it was frozen solid for nearly a month. The freeze-up started in the first week of January, and by the eleventh it was really bad: "Intolerably severe!" wrote the diarist John Evelyn, "the air so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over".

'It was during the second week of January that the enterprising merchants and traders realized the frozen Thames could be turned into an asset: it gave what we might nowadays call a "new gimmick" to business. The Thames was now "filled with people and tents, selling all sort of wares as in the city". It was not long before everyone joined in, and the great Frost Fair on the Thames began. "The river", said Evelyn, "was planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and the year set down when printed on the Thames. . . . Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets; sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse-and-coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it

seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water”.

‘There were dances and masquerades, and even—a modern touch—theatrical shows on the ice. It was not all gaiety, though, and it is interesting to note that, then as now, smog was the bane of the city. “London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe”’.

BURROWING AWAY FROM THE SUN

From the Great Frost ‘Today’ turned our attention to the heat-wave in Australia that has caused the death of thirteen people. ‘Its intensity’, said ERIC SPARKE, ‘can be gauged from the fact that its victims included five aborigines who, above all others, know how to cope with such conditions. They came from Coober Pedy in the north-west of South Australia.

‘Coober Pedy is itself a town uniquely adapted to the scorching climate of the interior. There everyone lives underground. They have burrowed away from the sun, and all that can be seen of the town are chimneys protruding from a hillside. No vegetation grows there. It is a town of opal miners. Their diggings have pock-marked the desolate countryside so that it has the unearthly appearance of a lunar landscape. Even the post office and stores are down an old mine shaft.

‘From this underground town the aborigines set out on New Year’s Eve. They were driving an old car across the desert to a corroboree, or tribal gathering, at Anna Creek about 100 miles away. Their car broke down, and in temperatures of up to 125 degrees they died of thirst and exposure.

‘In 1939, when comparable conditions prevailed, half the bushland of Victoria was burnt out, and seventy-two people perished. The heat-wave has been making headlines in the Australian newspapers. The *Brisbane Courier Mail* refers to ‘furnace-door’ heat; the *Adelaide Advertiser* to ‘blistering, searing’ conditions. It is small wonder that outback towns have been invaded by kangaroos searching for water, and, in some places, by snakes. But it is as well to point out that Australia is a big place, 3,000,000 square miles in fact, and it is not all scorching’.

OLD BUILDINGS AT ELTHAM

‘Eltham Palace was a palace of the bishops of Durham but fell to the Crown in 1311, and Edward II, Edward III, and Richard II all stayed much at Eltham’, said NIKOLAUS PEVSNER in ‘Town and Country’. ‘The principal surviving building, however, the Great Hall, was rebuilt by Edward VI in about 1470. The Hall is some 100 feet long and has a splendid timber roof, and at the high-table end it has a big bay to retire into in order to have privacy from the people at the lower tables.

‘Only a quarter of a mile to the east is Eltham Lodge, just as fine a house. It is a golf club-house now. It was built in the sixteen-sixties for a banker of great influence at the court of Charles II. It is a compact, medium-sized house, with those elements of classical architecture which England had learnt to use a generation or two before.

‘The details and the brick and stone-work look decidedly Dutch: for instance, the fact that the pilasters run through two storeys, and also the pretty little panels with garlands between them. The architect, Hugh May, indeed knew Holland. Also these were the years of the greatest Dutch power and influence. The staircase shows that the English woodcarver’s art had changed but not diminished since the hammer roof of the royal hall had been built. But what had been angular and sharp-



Entrance to the underground post office and savings bank at Coober Pedy, South Australia

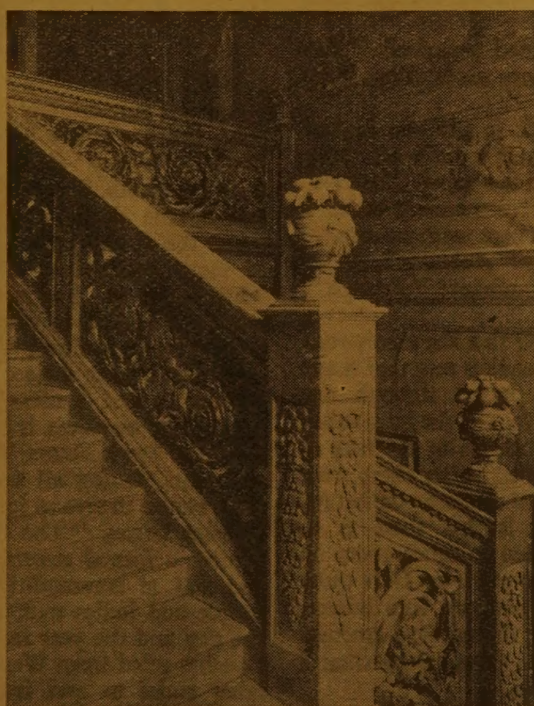
cornered is now all round, with lush, pierced panels of juicy leaves and urns with flowers on the newel-posts. It is, in my opinion, one of the finest staircases of its date anywhere in England’.

THE CHILD I WAS

‘The child I was’, said LAURIE LEE in ‘Woman’s Hour’, ‘was one of eight, and I was the youngest but one. We lived in the Cotswold village of Slad, which lies in one of the steeper valleys near Stroud. I was tubby and square, and had little red eyes; I stared and sniffed, was covered with warts, and was known by the village school-teacher as “fat and lazy”. This affectionate epithet may have had something to do with the protective immobility I learned to assume, for in the sprawling cottage life I led, surrounded by my violent family, I knew it best to keep very still: if you didn’t you might well get knocked flying.

‘I shall never forget that three-foot-high vision of the world—intimate, down-to-earth, sharp-focus. Like any child, I lived at the level of grown-ups’ boots, was somewhat shorter than summer grass, could look cats and beetles full in the face, knew the kneebones of grasshoppers, the eyes of flies, the mouth of a chewing snail—I could even study the moss on a stone, and smell the wings of the bees in the bushes.

‘It is on the surface of the ground, where most life lives, that the child has his natural being. And it is the sharp enjoyment I then experienced—a kind of cheek-by-jowl brotherhood with every insect, vegetable, matchstick, and raindrop in the neighbourhood—that I recall most vividly today. And sometimes I can’t help wondering whether three-feet-two-inches wouldn’t be the ideal height for mankind. It seems somehow the proper scale’.



The carved staircase at Eltham Lodge, Kent

‘Country Life’

Exploring the Sub-atomic World

O. R. FRISCH, F.R.S., considers the first fourteen fundamental particles

This is the first of three talks by Professor Frisch in which he discusses the new fundamental particles

THIRTY years ago I knew exactly what the world was made of. All matter consisted of atoms which in turn were made up of extremely small particles called protons and electrons; in addition there was the quantum of radiation, also called the photon. From these three kinds of bricks the whole universe was built. But that picture, as we now know, was much too simple. We did not realize the existence of the neutron, an important building brick of matter; in addition there were a score or more of rare, elusive, and unstable particles still to be discovered. Today we recognize no less than thirty fundamental particles; some are so short-lived that they can go only a fraction of a millimetre even when they are travelling almost as fast as light. But they can all claim to be regarded as fundamental; and they form a kind of pattern the meaning of which we are beginning to understand and which I will try to explain here.

The Electron and the Proton

It was a great surprise to scientists when the electron was discovered just before the turn of the century. They had been brought up to think that all matter consisted of about eighty different kinds of chemical elements. The electron was the first thing common to them; a light particle of negative electric charge, which formed part of every kind of atom. It could only be a very small part because it was so light, and it took about twenty years before its positive, heavy counterpart, the proton, was identified. Both electron and proton carry the same electric charge—apart from the difference in sign—and so do all the fundamental particles that have been discovered since (except that some of them have no charge).

From the beginning it was a puzzle why positive electricity should always be associated with the heavier proton and negative electricity with the lighter electron. The words 'positive' and 'negative' are only labels designed to remind us that when you combine equal amounts of the two kinds you get a neutral state, a state of no electric charge. The puzzle was partly resolved when electrons with positive charge, called positrons, were discovered in 1933. The analogous discovery of negative protons had to wait until 1956.

Why were positrons not found earlier? Because they have no permanent existence. A positron passing through matter soon encounters an electron, and then the two not merely neutralize but annihilate each other; that is, they disappear and all that is left is a flash of radiation. Each is, as it were, the implacable enemy, the antiparticle of the other. We can, if we like, call the positron the anti-electron, or equally well the electron the anti-positron. Indeed, all charged particles have antiparticles. So, in principle, there is no longer any fundamental difference between positive and negative charge. Actually we find vastly more negative than positive electrons. If positrons are so short-lived, why do we find them at all? There are processes in nature whereby they are produced. In the first place, there is the inverse of annihilation: if a radiation quantum with enough energy passes through matter it may materialize into an 'electron pair', that is an electron and a positron. Secondly, some unstable particles spontaneously transform into new ones, and sometimes one of the new ones is a positron.

Of the early particles there is still the photon or radiation quantum. Its history began in 1900 when Max Planck, a conservative-minded German physicist, found himself driven to a revolutionary assumption. To explain the properties of heat radiation he had to assume that light, or quite generally radiation, was emitted in 'quanta'. The energy in each quantum, he found, was

inversely proportional to the wavelength. Planck himself regarded this 'quantum hypothesis' as just a temporary device; instead, in the course of half a century, it has become one of the best-established laws of nature.

But one must not get the idea that there are different *kinds* of quanta, corresponding to different wavelengths; they are one and the same particle, the photon, with more or less energy. It may appear odd that the photon always travels at the same speed—the speed of light!—irrespective of how much energy it has got. But all particles behave a little like that when they get fast enough. No particle can ever travel faster than light. If it has a great deal of energy it goes nearly as fast, and if you then double its energy the speed increases only very slightly. Lighter particles have to move more nearly at the speed of light to have a given energy; so the photon, which goes at exactly the speed of light, behaves as a particle with no mass at all. If you stop a photon to try to measure its mass it just disappears and its energy takes a different form. But while it is there it behaves just like a particle of zero mass.

To return to the atoms of matter: atoms are electrically neutral, so they must each contain an equal number of electrons and protons. Ordinary hydrogen is just one proton with an electron circling round it; other atoms have several protons in the middle forming a dense cluster, the nucleus, with several electrons round it. At first it had to be assumed that there were electrons inside the nucleus as well, in order to account for both its weight and its charge. But that assumption caused serious difficulties; so it was dropped with relief when the neutron was discovered in 1932. Neutrons weigh almost the same as protons but they have no charge. It was discovered that they could be knocked out of some nuclei, so it was plausible to suppose that all nuclei consist of protons and neutrons. That assumption has worked well and is, today, the basis of our detailed interpretation of nuclear structure. The neutron itself, a child prodigy if ever there was one, rose to fame in a ball of fire at the tender age of thirteen and has now begun to flex its muscles in atomic power stations.

Radioactive Nuclei

Much about the nature of matter has been learned from those nuclei which are unstable, that is, radioactive. In particular the beta-activity, the emission of electrons from certain nuclei, has challenged both experimenters and theoreticians time and again. Quite early it was found that the beta particle or electron did not always come out with the same energy from a given kind of nucleus; varying amounts of energy always appeared to be missing. It looked almost as if the time-honoured law of energy conservation was no longer valid. In 1930, Pauli in Switzerland suggested that this missing energy was being taken away by a neutral particle which was always emitted together with the electron and took a share—a random share—of the available energy. To postulate such an invisible thief, a particle that could not be observed, was considered by many scientists to be just a trick to evade a difficulty. But as the years went by more and more indirect evidence was amassed to suggest that Pauli had been right, and the idea of a neutrino, as the particle had been nicknamed by the Italians, was gradually accepted. It was a proud day for Pauli when at last its existence was proved directly in 1956, with the help of very large and sensitive counters which recorded a few neutrinos out of the uncounted billions from a big nuclear reactor.

When the neutron was discovered it became clear that beta-radioactivity was nothing but the transformation, in a neutron-rich nucleus, of a neutron into a proton, whose newly formed positive charge had to be balanced by the emission of a negative electron. In the same way, in a proton-rich nucleus a proton can become transformed into a neutron. A positron must then be

emitted to take away the positive charge; in either case a neutrino is formed as well. For an explanation of this we must go back to the early nineteen-twenties, to that exciting time when the structure of the atom was being unravelled through the study of optical spectra. Many spectral lines were more complex than was expected, and this was explained in 1924 by the realization that the electron could be looked on as a particle possessing an intrinsic spin: it behaves as if it were always spinning at a constant speed about its axis. Later it was found that protons and neutrons also have a spin of the same magnitude.

When a neutron turns into a proton and an electron the two newly formed particles must—according to the quantum theory—have their spin axes lined up; consequently their joint spin will be either two units or zero. But then it would be different from the spin of the original neutron, which is one unit, and that is impossible because spin, like electrical charge or energy, is always conserved. So the transformation of a neutron into just a proton and an electron is impossible. But the simultaneous emission of a neutrino, which also has unit spin, makes it possible; three unit spins, one of them oriented opposite to the other two, just match the unit spin of the original neutron. The neutrino seems to be nothing but a disembodied spin. It has no electric charge, no magnetic effect, and no mass. It is fantastically penetrating: in traversing the entire diameter of the Earth the chance of getting stopped is smaller than one in a million millions. A particle that goes clean through all measuring instruments is extremely difficult to detect: but we have found out a good deal about this elusive spin-on-its-own. It turns up whenever a transformation needs an extra spin to make it go, but here again its aloofness shows itself: reactions that need a neutrino always take much longer than those that do not.

The Nuclear Force

Let me now turn to the question of what holds the atomic nucleus together. It cannot be electric forces; they would tend to push the protons apart and have no effect on the neutrons. Gravity is much too weak. So there must be a new kind of force; for lack of a better name we call it the 'nuclear force'. It soon became clear that at close range this force was very strong, pulling with about a hundredweight on each particle, but fell off rapidly with distance, its range being less than the size of the nucleus. On that scanty information, in 1935, the young Japanese theoretician Hidekei Yukawa built what was perhaps the boldest theory ever to be successful. He predicted the existence of hitherto unobserved particles intermediate in mass between electrons and protons—particles called mesons. The essence of his argument is simple enough. The existence of electro-magnetic forces, he argued, permits electro-magnetic radiation and hence leads to the existence of radiation quanta. Are there then, he asked, any quanta similarly related to nuclear force? Yukawa built his theory on the simplest guesses he could make about the laws of the nuclear force, and his result was startling. The quanta of the nuclear force, he found, would not be massless like the photon; they would be heavy quanta, with about 300 times the mass of an electron, which is a convenient unit to use. He also said that, in further contrast to the photons, they would be electrically charged.

Two years later such particles were discovered in the cosmic radiation. They were not exactly as Yukawa had predicted; their mass was only about 200 units, not 300, and they went clean through atomic nuclei, which seemed wrong. But the war interfered with their proper study, and it was only in 1947 that they were definitely branded as impostors. They are quite different from Yukawa's predicted particles: they have nothing to do with the nuclear force, and are now called mu-mesons or briefly muons. As a matter of fact they behave just like overweight electrons, and so far their *raison d'être* is a complete mystery.

But Yukawa was not wrong. The true Yukawa particle was identified in 1947 and called the pi-meson, a name now often abbreviated to pion. Its mass is 273 units, close enough to Yukawa's prediction. It does not go through nuclei: on hitting a nucleus it de-materializes, and its mass is changed into energy which flings protons and neutrons in all directions. The opposite process is also possible; if enough energy is given to a nucleus, for instance by the impact of a fast enough proton, some of the

energy may materialize as a pion. This is how pions come to be produced in the cosmic radiation, where they were first discovered; today we use protons accelerated artificially to produce pions by the million. Not only are positive and negative pions formed but neutral ones as well, which break up into two photons within 10^{-15} seconds, much less than a millionth of a millionth of a second. It is astounding that such a short-lived particle, which blows up before having gone a thousandth of a millimetre, should have been discovered at all; yet, by observing the photons into which it breaks up, one can study the neutral pions almost as thoroughly as the charged ones.

Hazardous Life of a Pion

The life of a pion is hazardous: it is usually de-materialized by the first nucleus it hits; but, in addition pions and muons are intrinsically unstable; that is, radioactive. Here again the neutrino must help but its aloofness shows itself: whereas the neutral pion breaks up into two photons within 10^{-15} seconds, the charged pion takes many million times longer to turn into a muon and a neutrino, and the muon—which has unit spin—takes even longer to turn into an electron and two neutrinos.

To recapitulate: our old friend the photon—the quantum that belongs to the electromagnetic force—has been joined by the three pions, positive, negative, and neutral, which belong to the nuclear force. Pions have zero spin and so can be created and destroyed freely, and so can photons. Electrons and protons are more permanent; they are annihilated only if they encounter the appropriate antiparticle. The neutron too has its antiparticle; they both possess magnetism, but if a neutron and an anti-neutron were placed side by side, spinning in the same direction, their magnetic forces would point in opposite directions. Then there are the heavy forms of the electron and the positron, the negative and positive muons; and the neutrino too has its antiparticle, differing from it as a right-handed screw differs from a left-handed one.

Those were the first fourteen. But about 1948 evidence began to accumulate for the existence of a whole crop of further particles, whose complex and unexpected behaviour took about seven years to get sorted out. Those strange particles, as we call them, are the main reason why we spend millions in building high energy accelerators, and they have forced upon us a great extension of the conceptual framework of physics.

—Third Programme

Among recent additions to the World's Classics is *American Critical Essays, Twentieth Century*, selected and introduced by Harold Beaver (Oxford, 7s.). This supplements an earlier volume, which included work by nineteenth-century writers, and demonstrates that there has grown up in America since 1914 a formidable native critical tradition, associated with such names as Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Allen Tate, R. P. Blackmur, Yvor Winters, Robert Penn Warren and F. O. Matthiessen. All of these are represented here, together with two distinguished British expatriates, W. H. Auden and I. A. Richards.

Frozen Bonfire

Long after midnight a full moon riding
Loftily overhead, lacking her earlier halo,
Blanches the still meadow already frosted over.

A shaggy white pony, whiter than she is by daylight,
Drooping her aged head, huddles bemused or asleep
While nothing stirs about her but a plume of breathing.

Dark in a frosty mound that must be broken for stoking
The moist heart of my bonfire guards a smoulder of life
Like carp in wintry rivers; like love holding apart.

January stills all. Garden, meadow, wilderness
Lie level in coma. Only an old, worn-out
Pony and a frozen bonfire fume in the moonlight.

ARTHUR WOLSELEY RUSSELL

The Unpassing Moment

WILLIAM GERHARDI on Anton Chekhov after 100 years

ON the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of Chekhov's death, in 1944, the Russian press gratefully acknowledged that in no other country had Chekhov's works been received with such warmth and tenderness, such profundity of understanding, such affectionate appreciation, as in England. In fact, the gradual realization that Chekhov was Russia's most valuable intellectual export eventually sent up his stock in the home market.

It was not until the first night of his last play, *The Cherry Orchard*, in 1904—the year he died—that Chekhov was acknowledged in his own country as a great writer. For Chekhov did not write in the way Russian readers had been accustomed to. He wrote sober, humorous tragedy; and that, being something new, was naturally slow in finding acceptance. He had made the discovery we all make: that other people's lives are even crazier than our own. He neither despised human nature nor conceived it as his duty to pay compliments to his characters. His readers were perplexed at what they imagined was his cynicism in writing of such miserable creatures.

When, many years ago, I told Katherine Mansfield I was writing a critical study of Chekhov, she wrote to me: 'People on the whole understand Chekhov very little. They persist in looking at him from a certain angle and he's a man that won't stand that kind of gaze. One must get round him—see him, feel him, as a whole'.

It is perhaps hardly fair to blame the Russian reading public for getting on the wrong track with their Chekhov, when even Gorki, who later had streets and towns named after him, failed to understand that Chekhov in fact initiates a new literature—the literature of duration as against the literature of sequence, penetrating the heart of a single moment rather than merely linking a succession of moments.

Chekhov, we can now understand, is the most high-spirited of writers, but his medium is human pity. He excels in humour; but it is compassionate humour. His stories are tragedies, but they are humorous tragedies. He conveys subtle things so simply that, rather like the Christian Gospels, his writings have never ceased to be misunderstood. In his own country the misunderstanding has been most direct; abroad, owing to the almost entire loss of idiomatic humour in translation, the misreading has been most involved.

How, then, does he differ from other writers? Why is he a major forerunner of modern literature, against whose luminous simplicity most newcomers show up portentous and a little soiled? I have an answer. I feel that, when all is said, Chekhov is an inherently Christian writer; with the unspoken refrain, as of a silent chorus, running through all his creations: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged'.

Chekhov wrote plays that, considered seriously, are prodigiously concentrated novels. He wrote short stories, and he wrote long stories. What are they about? The question and the answer are crucial. What are *you* about? They are, I believe, what *you* are—a mysterious duration hiding a world-secret.

As the years went by Chekhov became more and more testy at being always linked by the critics with other living writers.

'Why', he asked, 'is it always Gorki, Bunin, Korolenko, Potapenko, and Chekhov, and never Chekhov by himself?' He bitterly complained of the chronic incapacity of critics to value anything on its own ground. So it went on through all his literary life. His wife naturally played all the most attractive parts in Chekhov's plays. But even she preferred more meaty, more hysterical,



Chekhov reading *The Seagull* to members of the Moscow Arts Theatre. On his right is Stanislavsky and on his left Olga Knipper who became his wife

sensational roles: *A Streetcar Named Desire* would have been more to her taste. And then, in 1904, as the curtain came down on the first night of *The Cherry Orchard*, something brought it home to the audience in Moscow that here was one who had been writing in their midst for a quarter of a century—and all without creating the faintest disturbance inside their skulls. Somebody had let it out that the first night marked his silver jubilee. He had begun contributing short stories to humorous periodicals at nineteen. And, *The Cherry Orchard* striking them as marking the end of an era—improvident landowners having to sell out to the mercantile interest—and it being rumoured that he was in the audience, the call went out for 'Author! Author!' And eventually, the bashful, consumptive, shockingly emaciated author, pale, with feverish red spots on his cheeks, was dragged out from the wings between two glorying young actresses and stood before the footlights—he, who was unlike anybody else—and shyly acknowledged the now tumultuous applause.

He came home and wrote: 'On the first night of *The Cherry Orchard* on January 17 (my forty-fourth birthday), they gave me an ovation, so lavish, warm, and really unexpected, that I can't get over it even now'. And five months later he was dead.

Over and above his unusually rich gifts of humour, tenderness, and pathos, Chekhov possessed a vision which transfigured common life into the unpassing moment. This mystic vision, of seeing everything in the round, as existing in its own right, set up in Chekhov a vibrant energy which he communicated to his text. 'Where has fate not cast me! Where have I not been! And yet, by day or night, my soul at every moment was full of premonitions of an inconceivable happiness'. So Chekhov speaks through the perpetual student Trofimov.

A young wife in a Chekhov story writes to her husband, whom she has left, 'King David had a ring with an inscription: "All things pass". When you are sad, those words cheer; and when cheerful, they sadden'. And he, in his glowing love of her, sits

down and notes: 'If I wanted a ring, the inscription I'd choose would be this: "Nothing passes". I believe that nothing passes without tracing an impression; and that every step we take, however trite, has significance both in this and for the future life'.

What, then, is this unpassing moment? Why are not more readers of Chekhov aware of it, and, through him, of their own past retrieved? The undercurrent of the space-time continuum—duration, not sequence—in Chekhov's work is, when all is said, I's most distinguishing achievement. Action, I feel, in Chekhov is but the vehicle, the mechanical contrivance, for releasing the moment into a higher-dimensional field, immune from the consecutive order of time. And so the aging owner, just before relinquishing the Cherry Orchard, the orchard he has forfeited by his improvidence to the highest bidder, says he remembers when he was six years old sitting on this very window-sill one Whitsun morning as he watched his father go to church: and the author retrieves for us the Cherry Orchard from the auctioneer's hammer, and the dealer's axe, and from the guillotine of time.

The theatre, Chekhov bitterly complained, had done him a grievous injury. When he turned up at the rehearsal of *The Three Sisters* he found to his amazement that the actors seemed tone-deaf to the lyrical undertones which gave the measure of his perfectly colloquial lines. They asked him how to play their parts. 'But it's all there', he told them. What was not explicit in the stage directions was implicit in the lines themselves. Stanislavsky was a ringmaster who trained them for months on end like circus poodles. But Chekhov wrote not as people talked, but as they would talk if they were not tone-deaf. Their bafflement was the more incredible when one recalls that the best of our own Chekhovian producers, John Fernald, handicapped by all the snags and hazards of translation into another tongue, produces Chekhov in this country precisely by listening to the melodic undertone, as the author had obviously intended him to do; and so avoiding errors in his timing.

What hastened Chekhov's death was that, as he sat in the ante-room of a public bath to cool down after having steamed himself,

he was waylaid by a literary critic who made a habit of interviewing writers on their method of work, and who was reputed to be a crashing bore; and Chekhov, to escape the critic, rushed out into the frost and developed pneumonia. His health was shattered. He set off with his wife for a cure to the Black Forest. He wrote to his sister that he was hourly adding weight and steadily getting better, and he had already begun to make inquiries about the steamers returning to Russia, when suddenly he died.

Ten years before, in a story, 'The Black Monk', he anticipated his own death from tuberculosis. The blood poured down from his hero's throat straight on to his chest, and he, not knowing what to do, moved his hands up and down, soaking his cuffs in blood. From weakness he could hardly utter a word; but a great happiness filled all his being.

Now, summoning what little German he knew, he, by training a Russian doctor of medicine, passed on to his German colleague the vital information: '*Ich sterbe*'—'I die'. The German doctor sent for champagne. Chekhov drained the glass, remarking with a smile: 'It's long since I've had champagne', settled down in bed, turned over on one side—and died.

Writing such as Chekhov's, where the tiniest trigger-movement releases enormous forces, insists that emotion, which says more than words will carry, is the substance of thought, and thought its shadow. He ends his story, 'The Lady with the Toy Dog', where other writers would begin it, elevating transition itself to a timeless climax. Let Chekhov, then, himself have the last word, the closing magic of a brief encounter:

And only now, when his head was grey, he knew what it was to love—for the first time in his life. It seemed incomprehensible why he should have a wife and she a husband: as though two mated birds on their peregrination were caught and forced to live apart in separate cages. How could they be set free? How?

And it seemed as though in a little while a solution would be found, and then a new, wonderful life would begin; and it was clear to both that the end was nowhere yet in sight, and the most tortuous and difficult part of it was only just beginning.

—Home Service

Two Poems

A Considered Reply to a Child

'I love you', you said between two mouthfuls of pudding.
But not funny; I didn't want to laugh at all.
Rolling three years' experience in a ball,
You nudged it friendlily across the table.

A stranger, almost, I was flattered—no kidding.
It's not every day I hear a thing like that;
And when I do my answer's never pat.
I'm about nine times your age, ten times less able

To say—what you said; incapable of unloading
Plonk at someone's feet, like a box of bricks,
A declaration. When I try, it sticks
Like fish-bones in my throat; my eyes tingle.

What's called 'passion', you'll learn, may become 'overriding'.
But not in me it doesn't: I'm that smart,
I can give everything and keep my heart.
Kisses are kisses. No need for souls to mingle.

Bed's bed, what's more, and you'd say it's meant for sleeping;
And, believe me, you'd be absolutely right.
With luck you'll never lie awake all night,
Someone beside you (rather like 'crying') weeping.

JONATHAN PRICE

Still Life

A feature of the guest-house window
Like the cracked pane and the shrivelled fly,
She drops no stitches if the lap-dogs bark
Nor flinches when a bus throbs by.
She who is nobody's wife or widow
Sits, like a furred umbrella from the hall,
Watching the boys play cricket in the park
And powerless to retrieve their ball.

With a knitting-needle quill all day
She writes the latest chapter of her life
For grandchildren, not hers, to stretch and pull,
Rough-handle till it fray. They would not laugh
At the loose hand so readily, if they
Could read the breaking heart between the lines.
Pity and terror fit her parable
For the grey language of the skeins.

She does not, like the house-maid, hear the clock
Have hourly palpitations on the wall.
She does not hear the chauffeur's double knock
And the jolt of the chest in the hall.
Through the cracked window-pane leaks in the dark
Until it seems she scarcely breathes at all;
Watching the boys play cricket in the park
And powerless to retrieve their ball.

JON STALLWORTHY

—both poems from the Third Programme

‘Landfall in Unknown Seas’

J. A. W. BENNETT on certain aspects of New Zealand literature

IT is now almost 200 years since Captain James Cook, R.N., circumnavigated the islands of New Zealand and described the manners and customs of their cannibal inhabitants. Narratives of his voyages were soon published, and of these the historian Gibbon possessed at least three; and he had surely been reading them before he rounded off his account of Roman contacts with Scotland with this comment:

If in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate, in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the HUME of the Southern hemisphere.

In these words, touched with the same optimism that coloured contemporary French explorers' views of the noble Polynesian savage, New Zealand enters English literature and English thought. And they make it appropriate that the systematic colonization of that country was begun by a distant relative of the historian—Edward Gibbon Wakefield. For the Wakefield settlements were a deliberate attempt to implant in the midst of savagery, not simply the Bible and the flag, but a cross-section of British society and British civilization. In this they were less than wholly successful. But far sooner than anyone in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century could have imagined, New Zealand has produced—and, characteristically, exported—its Hume—in the shape of an eminent professor of philosophy. What is more, it is now producing a brood of historians whose amplitude, accuracy, and astringency might win the condescending approval of Gibbon himself. If he could be summoned from the shades today it would be pleasing to observe him as he enlarged the circle of his ideas by contemplating not only within a single century but in a single country the extremes of wild and civilized life. He would find one commercial town dominated by a vast Grecian temple (disguising a museum of the cannibal race); another focused on the soaring spire of a Gothic church; a third presenting in its nomenclature an epitome of ‘the period of the Scottish history’; and in each of them universities and printing presses,



First Church, Dunedin, South Island, with its Gothic spire: Dunedin (Gaelic name for Edinburgh) was founded by the Scottish ‘Wee Frees’

libraries and connoisseurs. Of the race of cannibals that once ‘really existed’ he would find few traces.

Yet outside the towns the primeval conditions remain much as they were. On the surrounding hills, forest and fern stand as if ready to resume dominion at the drop of a hatchet. Beyond them lie range after range of Erewhonian mountains, forbidding and majestic; desolate passes, peaks, and glaciers; and even when far inland, we never lose the sense of that encircling and estranging sea that brought Cook and Wakefield hither.

Such sharp, sudden, and continuous contrasts between the engrafted civilization and the surrounding landscape are, to a visitor at least, the essence of New Zealand; and they correspond to something in the character of the New Zealanders themselves. In general, however civilized they are, they pride themselves on the inherited pioneer qualities of toughness, practicality, unsophistication: they are almost too willing to admit to or apologize for, a concomitant provincialism. The mythology of the Maori has been replaced by the mythologies of the All Blacks, Gallipoli, and the N.Z. Division's exploits in the second world war. It is a land flowing with milk and butter and fenced in by wool-prices; yet a major, if concealed, export is brains, packed in post-graduate heads; and after cows, football and horse-racing, the chief topic of talk is education. The first immigrants included Samuel Butler, friends of Keats and Browning, and Matthew Arnold's brother. One of



Mount Cook, New Zealand's highest mountain, and Hooker Valley

the first Prime Ministers was not only a soldier but a notable Polynesian scholar and a bibliophile.

The politician of today may sometimes use the word 'culture' as a term of abuse; yet the State plays a valuable part in subsidizing writers of promise; and poets of quality are proportionately more plentiful; I should guess, than in any other English-speaking country; while the present literary output as a whole is so abundant that a New Zealand critic, Eric McCormick, who has just revised a survey of his country's literature that he made twenty years ago*, has found it hard to make room for more than an epithet or two for all the new names. Even so, his study is a fair sample of the careful scholarship that is more amply represented, appropriately enough, by another New Zealander's magisterial edition of Cook's voyages which would be worthy of a place in Gibbon's own library.

The bookish bent exemplified in such works is perhaps more easily discerned by the visitor than by the inhabitant. Mr. McCormick himself notes it only incidentally. The average New Zealander—and New Zealanders (like Australians) positively relish the thought that they *are* average—would not readily admit to bookishness or respect for scholarship as a national trait; one day, perhaps, local historians will trace the culture origins of New Zealand to the episcopalian pilgrims of Christ Church or the 'Wee Free' founders of Dunedin (led by a nephew of Burns) and to the wooden Athenaeums and Mechanics' Institutes that one can still find in a southern ghost town or a northern back street; no one has yet assessed the cultural effects of an education that has long been free, classless, secular, and compulsory—or the influence of the scholarly Fabian Minister of Education, Pember Reeves. Whatever the causes, the conditions in New Zealand would seem to be remarkably propitious for literature.

But respect for the written word is one thing, aesthetic sensibility—or, should we just say, the listening ear, the seeing eye?—is another. Dr. Pevsner not long ago pointed out in a broadcast talk† that no one who considered the unconcern with which New Zealanders put up—and put up with—dreary public buildings and pull down or ignore those expressing the genius of the place, would think that they had any sensibility at all. Indeed their lack of it was one of the first charges brought against them. 'It doesn't do', wrote Butler from the Canterbury settlement in 1861, 'to speak about John Sebastian Bach's fugues or pre-Raphaelite pictures'. Yet well before a century was over the new colony was to produce in Frances Hodgkins a talent that ranked with the pre-Raphaelites; and from one of the first of the scholar-poets who now are so marked a feature of the literary scene, was to come a moving evocation of the unmentionable Bach.

Poets and literati were in fact not lacking even in Butler's day. In the Scottish settlement the influence or example of Burns though often deadly was never dead; and New Zealand's first and only epic, Domett's *Ranolf and Amohia*, was being incubated whilst Butler wrote. But it is only within the last thirty years, speaking generally, that New Zealand verse has ceased to be either painfully derivative or self-consciously indigenous. The poetry of the present day is deeply rooted in New Zealand; but the English reader who comes fresh to it, as found, for example, in the *Oxford Book of New Zealand Verse*, will hardly need a glossary of local idioms. The 'New Zealandness' of this new poetry lies in something less readily recognized but far more potent. It is a fruit of a fresh discovery—one might almost say a spiritual discovery—of the land Cook sighted 200 years ago. Which makes it appropriate that the post-war quarterly that has published so much of this new poetry and mapped, however sketchily, the unexplored territory of the New Zealand mind should bear the name of *Landfall*.

That it should have taken a century for New Zealanders to discover, so to speak, the meaning of their own country may seem strange to anyone who has not read Mr. McCormick's opening chapters. But those chapters make it all too clear that the pioneers did not go out in search of New Zealand: they went in search of a brighter Britain—that 'England of the Pacific' which Edward Gibbon Wakefield had conceived—a utopia equally suitable for gentlemen and artisans: this, in the words of one of its sponsors, was to have a cathedral 'rivaling Westminster or York' and colleges vying with Eton or Oxford. In all these early aspirations romanticism and the Gothic revival are queerly mixed; and it is proper that their most lasting monument should be a handful of charming wooden Gothic churches (one of the best of which an imported Archbishop, who believes in preserving ancient buildings only if they are in Oxford, is said to be doing his best to have destroyed).

The enthusiastic glow of founders' oratory faded in the light of such harsh realities as war, gold-rushes, and political bickering. All that remained was the faint nostalgia for London and the home counties that pervades most nineteenth-century New Zealand fiction. Finally the Great Depression of the thirties, better called the Great Disillusion, cancelled the utopian dream for ever. Hence the disproportionate bitterness and violence that the economic crisis of those years roused, the sudden reaction—before Anger was an English cult—of the angry young men of the time against the Victorian optimism in which the colony was rooted. Some of the said young men proceeded to lean over backwards towards the American tradition—symbolized, as they saw it, by Mark Twain and Hemingway.

'From the point of view of the New Zealand writer', announced one of the Depression poets, '*Huckleberry Finn* is the most important novel ever written. . . . We can understand Huck, the true colonial, where we can only pretend to understand Tom Brown, the English public school boy'. To say this is to

over-simplify the undoubted likeness between the American and the Antipodean outlook. Still, the over-simplification is itself revealing. The cultural pull of 'The Old Country' has hitherto been so strong that for most New Zealanders American literature began with Uncle Tom and ended with Tom Sawyer. Today, by contrast, J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* is a set book for New Zealand college students.

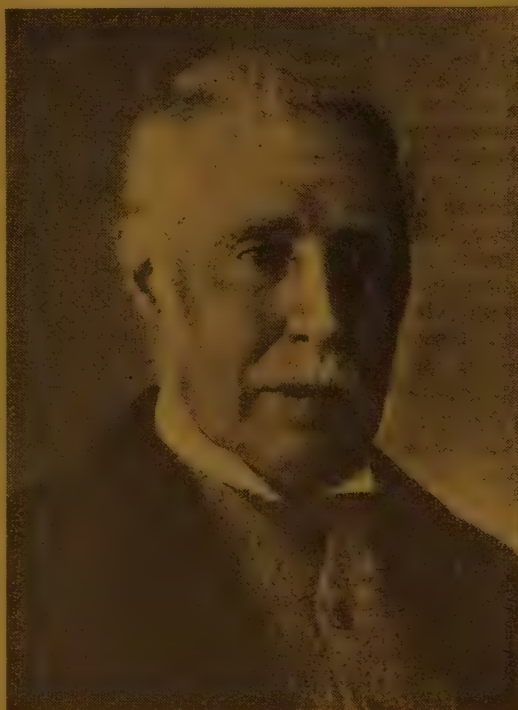
In verse the disillusion and reaction that I have touched on produced much hard satire and some morosity. But the poetry of bitterness has been followed by the poetry of belonging. Perhaps it took the war—a war that sent a good many of the younger poets across the Seven Seas—to show the new writers just how deeply they belonged. 'For everyone who sails away', wrote one expatriate who returned with the returning soldiers—

For everyone who sails away
The waves are sighing night and day
And tides hold their breath at turning
To listen, listen for that morning
That brings the exile home at last,
To join his future to his past . . .

—in what an earlier poet called this 'far-pitched, perilous, hostile place, this solitary, hard-assaulted spot'. Landfall and departure do have a special and penetrating poignancy that can crystallize into love, and with love comes the sense that 'this is our land; we have our inheritance'. Another home-coming poet wrote:

I do not dream of Sussex downs
Or quaint old England's quaint old towns;
I dream of what shall yet be seen
In Johnsonville or Geraldine.

So one might say that all New Zealand post-war poetry is love



'One of the first Prime Ministers was not only a soldier but a notable Polynesian scholar and bibliophile': Sir George Grey, Prime Minister 1877-79

poetry. Much of it, sensuous and passionate, is about 'the instant of love' between man and woman; but still more of it affirms identity with the empty mountains and the nameless plains, the sprawling rivers and the stunted townships. 'Man must lie with the gaunt hills like a lover', proclaims the austere poet of them all. Only then will he walk '... no longer solitary'.

As it is, the sense of solitariness is still almost as strong as the sense of belonging. These poets are so many lonely Crusoes building boats for uncharted seas. A strikingly large number of their poems are addressed to other poets, or to dead pioneer ancestors. Hence their muted, meditative, elegiac note. There is nothing here of the 'barbaric yawp' that Walt Whitman held to be the true voice of a young country. In fact New Zealand is not a young country in any significant sense, and we must suspect New Zealanders who apologize for national shortcomings on this ground of youth.

If New Zealand poets sell and dedicate their books chiefly to other New Zealand poets, there are at least sufficient of them to make publication worth while (and one or two excellent presses print them). But the New Zealand novelist is in a very different position. His local audience may well be even smaller than the poets'; and the best New Zealand novels (as well as the worst) have been published overseas. Mr. McCormick, to be sure, finds novelists writing in New Zealand at all periods; but hitherto the best such writers have been found out of it. For reasons possibly connected with the early waning of the Utopian vision and the related upsurge of nostalgia for the fields and streets of England, New Zealanders have preferred not to read about themselves, indeed have considered themselves not worth writing about. 'London—it is life!' exclaimed the young, rebellious Katherine Mansfield. Not till she was distant and dying did she come to feel that 'New Zealand is in my very bones'. The New Zealand of her stories is the country of her childhood, wistfully remembered; and childhood and youth were the only provinces her local successors occupied effectively. The mature hero has been rare, and when found he is defined by his solitariness, as epitomized in John Mulgan's novel *Man Alone*. Not till yesterday, in fact—barely in time for Mr. McCormick to record the titles—did the novelists

begin to portray New Zealand as a society. Perhaps the most promising thing about Maurice Shadbolt's book, lately published and applauded in this country is its title: *The New Zealanders*, in the plural; and perhaps it is a portent that its texts are taken from a contemporary New Zealand poet.

But this book is a group of stories, not a novel; certainly not a saga. For anything like saga range and quality we have to immerse ourselves in a book, published in the twenties, to which Mr. McCormick courageously gives as much space as to the Katherine Mansfield canon itself. Neither the date (1921) nor the title of Guthrie Smith's *Tutira; the Story of a New Zealand Sheep Station* would suggest that it is the epitome and preview of that imaginative rediscovery of the country which the novelists and poets are only now beginning to make. It is as much the biography of a farmer as of a farm. But though the farm is typical, the farmer, a young Scots immigrant with a taste for verse, was unique; unique in his patience, his precision, his gift for prose which is variously latinate and lyrical, learned and sardonic. He chronicles past and future geology as carefully and as vividly as he recreates from the trivial journals of the earliest settlers, 'pencilled in smoky huts lit by guttering candles', the early failure of *homo sapiens*, and his ultimate acclimatization. He establishes the time and mode of arrival of the first fatal and perfidious blackberry, the first weeping willow, the first rabbit and—a hitherto unacknowledged debt to Cook and the Royal Navy—the first rat.

But in *Tutira* there is more than history, more than pedantry, more even than tough practicality: there is a touch of the poet. The miscellaneous earthy materials are shaped into significance by a lifelong, freely admitted love—a love for the station itself, 'the beloved mistress', as 'G.S.' calls it, for which nothing was too good. A settler, so he says, gives his best love not to his parents, not to his wife, but to his land. This abiding affection, which pervades every footnote of his bulky book, survived the fading of an Arcadian dream; it is nowhere sensed more strongly than in his closing pages—a paean to his adopted country. He learnt the hard way what its writers are now discovering afresh, and for themselves.—*Third Programme*

Width and Wisdom

By MAGNUS PYKE

SCIENCE is indeed a remarkable and productive way of thinking. Since the man who contributes to scientific knowledge today does so by standing on the shoulders of his scientific predecessor of yesterday there is some excuse for the assertion that only in science has progress any definite meaning. Just the same, although a scientist may accumulate knowledge, wisdom is as difficult for him to acquire as for anyone else.

For example, during the present century science has had a good deal to say about nutrition. We had a period when calories were all the rage. Then salads and raw carrots had an innings. The brown bread versus white bread controversy is always with us, while vitamins, when they first arrived, seemed destined to spell out something entirely new in the onward march of mankind into a healthier world. Did not A. P. Herbert write:

There are three vitamins not four
I have no doubt there will be more?

Do not think I wish to belittle the substantial benefits we have derived from the knowledge that science applied to problems of food and nutrition has given us. In specialized fields, for example the prevention of rickets and the cure of beri-beri, big things have been done. On the other hand, not all the first thoughts have been wise.

At one time, the ideal of infant excellence was thought to be corpulence. The winner of the village baby show, picked out instantly by the vicar and the lady from the big house alike, was a solid, thick, rather square and peaceable baby, sitting up in its best dress without a murmur—until it transpired that this par-

ticular type of fat child often had rickets. When this became known and when, furthermore, it was discovered that vitamin D possessed the particular property of fixing the calcium derived from food into the bones of the infant consuming it, it was but a step for the followers of science to add vitamin D to foods intended for babies. But in some instances this application of knowledge went beyond the bounds of wisdom, until it was strongly suspected that in certain nutrition-conscious communities there were more cases of a disease (somewhat inelegantly called 'ideopathic hypocalcaemia') due to too much vitamin D than there were of rickets due to too little.

The traditional trend of thought on the subject of nutrition reflects in a curiously striking manner our general attitude to science as a whole. This is: the more the better. When we read that the average diet in the United States is enough to provide every man, woman, and child with 3,472 calories a day, and that the average Briton has to struggle along on 3,014 calories our immediate reaction is one of envy for the lucky American with all those extra calories. More must be better in science, whether it applies to telephones, electronic computers, tranquillizers, plastics, or nutrition.

But there are perhaps signs that this attitude, in its purest and most uninhibited form, is becoming out of date. One of these signs in the realm of nutrition has been the appearance a few weeks ago of a large book by three distinguished authors from the University of Edinburgh*. This is packed with knowledge on every aspect of the science of nutrition as it can be applied to

* *Human Nutrition and Dietetics*, by Sir Stanley Davidson, Dr. A. P. Meiklejohn, and Dr. R. Passmore (Livingstone, £4 4s.)

human beings. For example, as a preliminary to a discussion of the way in which the mineral, calcium, does play a part in human nutrition, it is engaging to be told that the element, vanadium, does not have any significance for people but that it is used by a sea-squirt. Similarly, it is interesting to hear that out of all biological creation only the scallop makes use of the metal, cadmium, in its life processes. But the refreshing point is that this great weight of learning—properly and usefully designed for specialists who need to be able to refer to it—does not entirely bury the conclusion here and there that some of the discoveries that looked so exciting when the knowledge was new have acquired a rather different complexion in the light of later wisdom.

An Aptitude for Gout

Take gout; I was brought up to believe that gout was a disease solely due to an inordinate over-consumption of port wine. This opinion had a good deal of evidence to support it. Now, however, Sir Stanley Davidson, Dr. A. P. Meiklejohn, and Dr. R. Passmore, the authors of the book to which I am referring, point out that, as so often happens in real life, the situation is much more complicated than it seemed at first blush. It is true that a Lord Mayor's banquet may well bring on an attack of gout in someone who is susceptible to the disease, but this susceptibility is not evenly distributed. Whether or not you are able to have gout seems to be inborn. If you do not possess the ability you can drink as much port wine as you like. It seems that few Scotsmen are capable of having an attack of gout, whereas Englishmen and Germans have no such difficulty.

Then again, science seemed in truth to be opening the door to a proper understanding of this most painful nutritional disease when during the eighteenth century it was discovered that—of all things—the root of the autumn crocus brought relief in an acute attack. Now, more than a hundred years later, we can make ourselves feel very scientific and learned by putting a name to the active principle of the autumn crocus, colchicine; but as Davidson, Meiklejohn, and Passmore admit, we are not really much the wiser as to how it relieves agonizing pain in the big toe.

Another disease, more widespread than gout, even if less dramatic, about which scientific knowledge once thought it had something special to say, was chilblains. A regiment of sincere scientific people have reached conclusions about chilblains and the nutritional deficiencies held responsible at one time or another for them. First, it was a shortage of calcium that was to blame, then it was thought to be vitamin D. A shortage of vitamin E makes rats sterile—and vitamin E was prescribed for chilblains; lack of the vitamin called niacin produces a disease called black-tongue in dogs; it also was administered as a chilblain cure. Vitamin K as well was tried, for luck. Hindsight is easy, I suppose. None of these was effective, and now it seems that nutrition may have nothing to do with it and that chilblains are due to lack of central heating. At any rate, they are unknown in the United States.

The American Diet

The point where second thoughts seem to be leading to a conclusion furthest away from the first brash beliefs is in the relationship between wealth and wisdom. Or, to put it more directly, whether the Americans really are to be envied for all the calories they eat. It is even doubtful whether those British children who obediently accepted the precepts of their elders and did eat up all the fat from their portion of the Sunday joint were thereby improving their physique by submitting to the ordeal, or were merely strengthening their moral fibre. It has turned out, after a generation of teaching about beri-beri and scurvy and all sorts of deficiency diseases, that the most serious and widespread kind of malnutrition today—at least in the Western world—is obesity.

Obesity is a bad thing: it can shorten one's life and increase the probability of coronary thrombosis and of varicose veins. Also, in the words of the Edinburgh authors, 'obese people . . . may trip over the carpet and spill kettles of boiling water over themselves'. In the days when science had reached as far as calories, the facts about obesity seemed clear. People who ate

more than they needed to supply themselves with the calories they required for their physical activity stored the spare calories on their persons and became fat. In other words, the people who were fat ate too much, and the reason they ate too much, it was implied, was because they were greedy. However, the wisdom of greater scientific maturity has now reached the conclusion that, here again, things are much more complicated.

For instance, there is an organ at the base of the brain called the hypothalamous. Damage one part of this organ and eating stops because appetite disappears. Damage another part of the same organ and what our medical authors call hyperphagia ensues: that is to say, one starts to eat interminably, like the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers*. There are chemical agents that affect appetite, and heat and cold have something to do with it too. Sir Charles Dodds once suggested that gravity might also exert a controlling influence on appetite. With remarkable ingenuity and vigour he designed an experiment to test this suggestion. He fitted up thin people with balloons to see whether the consequent reduction in their gravitational pull would increase their food intake. And, on the other hand, he planned to load down fat men with sandbags—like H. G. Wells's Mr. Pycraft, who wore lead underclothes—to reduce the amount of food they ate.

It is much more difficult than it seemed to the simple scientific thinker who, if we may echo Mr. Micawber, could have reasoned: 'Food intake two thousand seven hundred and ten calories, metabolic output two thousand seven hundred and twenty calories—result, leanness. Food intake two thousand seven hundred and ten calories, metabolic output two thousand seven hundred calories—result, obesity'. Genetic factors affect the situation, or as Davidson, Meiklejohn, and Passmore put it in their lucid way, 'obesity runs in families'. Psychology comes into it, too. Some women over-eat because they are unhappy: 'They find solace in scones and cream cookies for the same reasons that drive their husbands to seek relief in alcohol'.

Alcohol, Calories, and Obesity

The relation between alcohol, calories, and obesity possesses subtle complications in its own right. Heavy drinkers can get a high calorie intake from wine or spirits or from beer. If their appetite remains good they may in consequence become obese. On the other hand, they may neglect their diet and develop vitamin deficiency. On this point, again, the writers of this book have something good to say: 'Rats and mice given free access to alcohol have been shown to consume more when the supply of vitamins of the B group is diminished'.

There is a scientific discussion in progress at the moment which demonstrates how difficult it is to be wise even when every modern aid to scientific enlightenment is at hand. During the last fifty years there has been a startling increase in the number of deaths from degenerative diseases of the heart—'coronaries', so called; and the rate of death from this cause, particularly among middle-aged men, has been five to ten times as large in the United States and Canada, Australia, Finland, and Scotland as in Italy, France, and Japan. England has been bad enough, too. Eating fat has something to do with whether or not you are likely to die from coronary heart disease; and Dr. Ancel Keys in America has drawn graphs to show a correlation between the amount of fat eaten by the population of a particular nation and the number of people who die of coronary heart disease. Sceptics have pointed out rather unkindly that an equally good graph could be drawn by relating some other sign of prosperity, rather than the consumption of fat. For example, there is good correlation between deaths from coronary disease and the number of wireless licences per head of the population. But Dr. Keys's evidence is formidable just the same.

It is a true saying that wisdom lives at the bottom of a well. Even the most devout disciple of nutritional science is today not absolutely sure whether fat is bad for him or whether it is only some fats. Even when he knows this for certain where does the higher wisdom lie? Does science hold the whole secret? It is difficult to ignore the gentleman referred to by Sam Weller who ate three shillingsworth of toasted crumpets, although he had been assured on the highest scientific authority that they would kill him if he did. The fact is some people like butter.

—Home Service

The Disappearing God

A discussion between J. P. CORBETT, an agnostic,
and R. GREGOR SMITH, a Christian

J. P. Corbett: We all agree that in a sense Christianity has lost its power in the world over the last centuries. There was a time in the high Middle Ages when the Churches were very powerful; they set out as teachers and as thinkers the frame of thought in which everybody looked at the world, and they played an influential part in the organization of society. Since that time, one activity after another has separated itself out from Christianity, from ecclesiastical control, and gone its own way. For a person like myself, this has been a long process of liberation from a kind of restriction, at worst a kind of tyranny. When I look round at contemporary society and see how much we have achieved for human wealth and liberty and happiness, the whole episode seems to me to be one of the most remarkable and splendid things in the history of man. It seems to me, and to many others like me, to have been a long defeat for Christianity: I thought that this was a thing upon which Christians and non-Christians agreed. If they disagreed on everything else they saw this liberalization of society as a victory for forces alien to Christianity, as a defeat for Christianity; in the views of both parties God had disappeared from the world, and in the views of both parties this was a defeat for his spokesman in the world, the Church. But what staggered me in a recent speech of yours was that you admitted all these facts and yet did not regard them as indicating that Christianity, or anyway the Churches, had been defeated. That seemed to me extraordinary; I would like to hear more about it.

The World 'De-divinized'

R. Gregor Smith: I appreciate the kind of astonishment you have shown about the sort of thing I said then, and that I still say. What I am saying in brief is that the kind of liberation you have described is in fact a right and proper thing; to me it comes out of the specific nature of Christianity that this should be so. I should say, first of all, what happens with the coming of Christianity is that the old gods are expelled from the world. The world is de-divinized. In the early generations of Christianity the Christians were called the atheists; the point was simply that the world was freed of the old fears and the old gods; the world became possible for the first time as an object of science. The world became independent of God, autonomous. Then, at the same time, man himself was set free from these fears and became responsible for his own history. You can say, if you like, he was set in the centre of the picture.

I think this comes straight out of the kind of freedom that is given with the coming of Christianity to men. It means, too, that I can accept without any qualms what we are calling now the disappearance of God from the world. I understand that to mean, in the first place at any rate, that God is no longer an object, or a phenomenon, in the world alongside other objects. This does mean, also, I see at once, that I give up all the traditional ways of trying to draw God into the world by means of various kinds of evidences or proofs of his existence, and so on. In all this I am perfectly ready to give up what seemed to you, I think, and to others, to have been the only way in which one may in fact speak of God; but I am perfectly ready to give up, in that sense, any kind of Christian ideology. I agree with my fellow-countryman, David Hume, about the traditional ways of trying to talk about God in the world. That, I suppose, puts my situation just about as well as I can at the moment.

Corbett: But if you give away as much as you have given away—if you say, as you seem to be saying, that to believe in Christianity is not to be committed to any statements about what the world is like, or how society works, or should work—then I

am far from clear as to what it is to be a Christian; where in fact you stand, what separates you from me.

Gregor Smith: It looks as though the difference between us is either negligible or perhaps even non-existent. But I am afraid that will not be how it might turn out. From your point of view, I suppose, I give away so much that it seems to you I have given away everything.

Corbett: Yes.

Gregor Smith: I still do tie a knot at one point: I don't think that we are simply living in a world of sheer relativism. I do maintain the transcendence of God, I cling to the transcendence, to the God who is—paradoxically, I admit—absent from the world and distinct from it. This means that I do in a way, somehow or other, still to be defined, recognize the action of God in and through human situations, through actions and through people in the world. The God who, I admit, has left the world to be sheer world, is now free to be met. I think of the words of Paul Tillich when he says: 'God's directing creativity always creates through the freedom of man'. That is a good summary of what I am trying to say at this point; God, who has disappeared, who has left the world, in so many of these ways I have described, nevertheless may be recognized through his presence.

Beginnings of Proof—or Disproof

Corbett: You say that for you God still acts in human situations. If it is true that God can be recognized as acting in human situations, then the fact that he is so recognized would constitute some evidence for his existence—the first move in a proof. Or again, if somebody else said 'No: surely in this wicked world you cannot say that God acts', then this would be the beginnings of a disproof. But in any case you seem to be admitting that there is some kind of detectable connexion between what happens among human beings and God's existence. In fact, going back on your fellow-countryman David Hume to far more primitive modes of thought.

Gregor Smith: I am conscious that there is here a certain kind of revolution in theological thinking generally. I think, for instance, of the kind of work that has been done by the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, or by the German physicist and philosopher, von Weizsäcker, and a good many other people of that kind. Let me try and put it this way: what I insist on negatively is that God cannot be encountered or recognized or proved as an object in the world. And in that connexion I have set the thought of man's liberation and his freedom in the world. But this freedom of man is a little different in my view from the way you conceive it. If I may go back to an old story, the story of the Prodigal Son; when he got his inheritance and went off into a far land, what was his real trouble? It was not that he got his inheritance and went off, but that in this new life that he lived he gave up being a son. He did not recognize the whole substance of his freedom as a son. It involved always remaining a son at the same time as he was free to enter on his inheritance. If I may think of your way of regarding the situation in which we all are today, I get the impression that your view of the human situation and its problems looks a little like a switchback railway, where you are rushed up and down in a breathless, exhausting way, the landscape changing all round you. I remember that the only time I entered one of these things I came out tottering and exhausted, and found that my pockets had been picked and my return ticket home and all my cash had gone. I rather feel that you are taking my return ticket away from me in the kind of view you have of society today.

Corbett: I hope I am not taking your return ticket, but I

am not quite clear about the point you are trying to make.

Gregor Smith: I'll put it without obvious metaphors: this particular kind of autonomy that you like and praise in modern society really in fact veils an ideology which does not allow man his proper freedom. This autonomy is fundamentally hostile to man as man. Man drops out of the centre of the picture, really, in your kind of secularism, if I may call it that. On my view, I would say you are not being secularist enough here. But in your view of successive innovations and of sheer relativism, it seems to me you have lost the proper autonomy of man, the humanity of man in the centre of the picture, and you are reduced to a sort of piecemeal approach to all kinds of problems as they arise, and to nothing else. That is really what I am trying to say when I use the metaphor of the switchback, and even of the pocket-picking too—because there is nothing left for man at all, it seems to me, in your situation.

Corbett: It is certainly true that people like myself do think that all the problems that face men have to be tackled piecemeal. What we have no use for is any attempt to find some comprehensive system of ideas, perhaps embodied in some dominant institution such as the Church, within which all activities of men have to be fitted. This is what repels us, as much in Marxism and its embodiments in Communist states as in older types of society dominated by a Christian Church. We feel that science, politics, morality—all these activities need to be freed from any control by some single central body of people under some single central set of ideas; and we see that in practice this does seem to have led to immense good for man. I am not really sure what it is that you are reproaching modern society with.

Gregor Smith: I should say the sort of increasing depersonalization of man, the manipulation and management of man in the service of one thing or the other, which is not really man in his wholeness as man. I think we are in a critical position in that way, and the sort of planning and overall view that the modern secularist man has of himself is in fact leaving man himself out, putting him to one side, and depriving us of our hope for man. That is what I mean. It is a sort of paradox, the almost self-destructive nature of this kind of view of man, that I see in your position.

Corbett: Yes, I can see something in that. Part of what I suppose you are thinking of is this: that large institutions tend in practice to lose sight of the human values they are supposed to serve. Institutions develop interests and momentums of their own, and the individual, who is supposed to be taken care of by them tends to get run over by them instead. But this is not true of all institutions; if this is true in some, then the cure again is institutional. Institutions can be pulled up and brought to attend to what is supposed to be their purpose, and what is needed in this case is more criticism of institutions.

Gregor Smith: Yes, I don't disagree about that.

Means to an End?

Corbett: Moreover, underlying your remarks was a sort of concealed rhetorical question to the effect that there is something wrong with society which only a return to Christian belief could cure. If you do think like that, are you not just returning to the point of view which you claim to have discarded? Are you not seeing religion as a sort of means to an end, something which serves a purpose and whose efficacy can be proved by the way in which it works in the world? And is this not really going back on your first position?

Gregor Smith: I certainly do not wish simply to turn in my tracks and bring in again all that I've already thrown out, as it were. I think there is a point here that we must try to look at a little closer. I do not disagree with you that practical improvements are possible and indeed relatively easy to make in various forms when we find that impersonalization is gaining too much ground: but there is something else that goes deeper here. We ought to look at the kind of indication you have given me that all is not completely well in our situation. Quite apart from these practical defects that can be put right, I think we all have a sense of frustration, of imperfection, and even, indeed, of crisis at some times. How would you look at that sort of remark?

Corbett: If I ask myself why I am here talking with you,

I think it is because I have been forced to think certain things about the points you have just mentioned. This is the sort of thing. It seems to me that one does, as a human being, need something more than institutions, however well adjusted, can give one. All my life I have been the sort of person who has been looking for something more solid in life than just pursuing various different activities in various different contexts. But on the other hand I have always been intensely repelled by any sort of faith in an ideology, whether social, or religious, or other. That is to say, I have never been able to get round to committing myself to any kind of comprehensive philosophical position of a Christian, or perhaps of a political, kind. I have lived in this sort of tension, which I imagine is common to many people in our society, feeling that they need more than what the ordinary pattern of daily activities in their job can give them, and yet repelled by alternatives—the various kinds of political and religious faith which they see around them. If I understand your further sense of disquiet about society, it is because I have come to realize clearly, lately at least, that life is intolerable unless you recognize your neighbour as a person who has absolute claims upon you, unless you go about in the world meeting people and seeing in those people something which demands your utmost attention and all the service that you can give them. This does not mean that you have to think in terms of any philosophical or religious system, so far as I can see. It is just that it is only in unconditional service to the next man, whoever he may be, and under no matter what circumstances you meet him, that you escape from the sense of frustration and of incompleteness and imperfection and doubt which otherwise dogs one's steps.

The Very Heart of Christianity

Gregor Smith: I am certainly not anxious at once to say, as it were: 'This means you must accept the Christian ideology'. It is far from my thoughts to speak in those terms because, as you know, I also feel apprehensive of interpreting this kind of ultimate human situation in terms of any kind of system. What I should like to say here is that it is precisely there—in that situation in which you enter into the life of the neighbour, the other man, come out of yourself and see life from his angle—that you are getting at the very heart of what Christianity is about. I would even say that it is at this sort of point that I should try to identify the action of God in the human situation. I recognize in that situation that you describe, for yourself and for us all, what you might call the reappearance of God, a veiled reappearance certainly, and I should focus this in the life of Christ, in his life of being for other people, which is how you can sum it up—just being for other people, absolutely. I should focus it there, and also in the constellation of events that gather round that particular bit of human history both before and after. I find it almost impossible to say more than this, just because I recognize at once that though I see here action of God in human life, it is, of course, ambiguous. It is still possible to say: 'Well, I just don't see it'. It seems to me one can say that, one must say that, of the whole historical event. There is no theophany here—Christ is incognito and walks the earth unknown, really, and can be accepted or rejected in this. All I should say here, in summary, is that it is precisely in such a situation of coming out of yourself and recognizing the claim of the other that you really for the first time begin to see some possibility of meaning in history. How does that sound to you?

Corbett: There are little bits of it I understand and large bits that I don't. When we are talking about our attitude towards the next man I think we are talking about the same thing. There is just one further thing which I begin to understand in what you are saying, although I find this extremely difficult to express. If I turn my mind round on what it is to devote one's mind and one's abilities to another person, I am forced to say that what then comes out of myself, if anything does—and often it doesn't—is not mine to command. It is not something that I can 'lay on'. It is not something which can be laid on by any technique. In the very nature of the case, it is something in which one is given—can only receive—which comes to one. I do not like 'given', 'received', but anyway which arrives without one's command. And this is the very final step that I think I can take.

It seems to me that in admitting as much as that and in opening one's personality to this possibility, one is in a sense saying: 'Well, the universe isn't neutral to what's of ultimate importance to me: that is to say, my relation to the next man'. Because if I can't command it, and if the whole secret of life is yet that it should come to me, I must believe in some sense or other that what is outside myself is good, or anyway not neutral and not evil. You cannot, it seems to me, give yourself to your neighbour in this sense without some such rudimentary belief, however vague, however unformulated, that the world is with this. But it is one thing to say as much as that and quite another to recognize that Jesus, for instance, played some unique role in this relationship between me and whatever it is I may see beyond myself, which makes it possible for me to give myself, however imperfectly, to my neighbour; and a still further thing to believe anything like the statements which appear in the Creed. At that point I lose sight of you because so many other people of so many other persuasions have said as much as I have just said. It seems to be possible, as far as I can judge, for one to advance from my position to be a Moslem or a Buddhist. These things have been said by men of many different persuasions, and when you say that your faith is somehow uniquely related to being a neighbour, that is where I lose sight of you.

Gregor Smith: Part of the time when you were speaking, I was thinking that you are really saying some of the things I have been trying to say too when I talk about 'clinging to the transcendent God'; and also when I was indicating that some of the things that happen—in fact the most important things that happen—have this element of unpredictable 'otherness' about them in which you are not on your own. I felt that we were very nearly talking in the same terms. I wonder how I can put it to you. You ask me what I mean by this uniqueness that I am claiming for the situation of faith. I should say it is a decision one takes—perhaps that is not the right expression either—or even a choice that one makes, a risk that one has to undergo, in a situation that is really unparalleled, because I have found no God in the world; he is absent. I see the veiled coming of God in Christ, not as a mere bolt from the blue or anything like that, but as corresponding to the actual kind of human situation that you yourself described in the situation in relation with the neighbour. I can only say that I am afraid there seems to be some kind of threshold here, an invisible door through this transparent wall that seems to be dividing us, through which I go. There is here a decision that simply is of some strange and unique kind.

The Meaning of Decisions

Corbett: Plainly 'decision' or 'choice' are not the right words, because when we normally talk about decisions and choices we mean that there are certain considerations that we can appeal to which would make it reasonable or proper to decide or choose one way or the other. Plainly we have forced ourselves into a position in which what has to be—I won't say decided or chosen, but just done—goes beyond any considerations which one can argue for and then, having accepted, would lead one to move in one way rather than another. That is, after all, the whole point of your attitude towards Christian faith. There are not, there cannot be, any arguments for it. I can say as much as this, as is perfectly obvious to you from the way in which I talk, that I do not feel I have achieved any kind of stable position. My mind is chaotic: I can feel certain pressures, and I feel that I am moving in some obscure way, but I could not possibly tell you in what direction it is or what will be the outcome. Naturally, all I can say at the moment is that the step that you have taken remains, as I suppose it must remain unless I ever chance to take it, a mystery.

Gregor Smith: I think there is more to be said (but I doubt whether we can say it here and now), simply along the line of the way faith is confirmed—again in unique ways, I should say—and the way faith somehow includes all the time the possibility of doubt, and certainly includes the necessity of a sort of permanent protest against the forms that Christian faith takes in the world. In all these ways I as it were leave faith as much as possible free for human action in the world.

Corbett: This diminishes the barriers, and yet I perceive the whole time that although you do not want to say that God leaves

his evidences, that he can be proved, that he is part of the world, yet it seems almost inevitable for you to do so. At every moment, having said that you are not going to, the next moment, in a way, you do; although you do not see any contradiction, and the reason why you see no contradiction is that you have this attitude which nobody else who has not adopted it can really understand. The fact of the matter is that you have got something inside yourself, what you call your faith, and also what you express in certain words in company with fellow-believers, which you think is of supreme importance. I can roughly begin to see what it means to you, but there is nothing in what I can see that would lead me to be a Christian rather than a Buddhist or anything else. It does not seem to get between us, and yet that you do have this faith is of supreme importance to you and that I have not got it seems obviously to you to mark a profound lack in me.

Gregor Smith: I think the main point is that in fact we can talk together because you are my neighbour—and perhaps you can say the same of me—and we have certainly that common ground.

Corbett: Yes, we have that common ground; and yet what you seem to see as essential to being a neighbour is to me a freakish incident of being a neighbour. It is not what is wanted, it is the way in which you happen to talk about it; and there are lots of other ways in which one could talk about it. Beyond that, I don't suppose we shall ever get.

Gregor Smith: Well, 'ever' is a big word.

—From a broadcast in the Third Programme

Prinz Eugen

Prinz Eugen walked on the castle wall,
His eye was long and his leg was tall.
'Do you not fear, Prince', I said, 'you will fall?'
Never, he answered. *Never at all.*

'Gold is your head and gold your groin,
Your nose is as neat as a Roman coin,
The spin of your skin has never a join!'

*Look, said the Prince, at my lip and my loin.
Look at the silver that springs from my thumb,
Look for the brown blood that never will come.
Teach my beached heart the soft speech of the drum,
Feather with words the straw birds as they hum.
On my cold castle the strict sea knocks,
Butters his blade on the rim of the rocks.
Do you not hear how his ticking tongue mocks,
Slits every second and keel-hauls the clocks?*

'Prince, but your gilt-edged eyebrow curls,
You stop your sentences up with pearls.
What will you do with all the girls
When love his lamp-black flag unfurls?
And Prince, your platinum fingers play
Over the maps and far away.
Are you not lord of all you survey?'
Then I am blind, I heard him say.

'Bright is your bed as the sailing shore,
Its posters up to the ceiling soar.
The servants stand at your dazzling door
To strip your senses to the core.
White is the light at your driven head,
Your body of corn stands straight as bread.
Why is your beating breast unfed?
Is it because you are dead, are dead?'

*Envy me not this cloth of clay
That dries to dust all through the day.
Hurtle your heart on the pouring bay,
Answered Prinz Eugen, and limped away.*

CHARLES CAUSLEY

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 13-19

Wednesday, January 13

M. Pinay, the French Finance Minister, is dismissed at the request of the Prime Minister, M. Debré. M. Baumgartner, Governor of the Bank of France, is appointed in his place

Mr. Macmillan addresses the opening session of the Nigerian Federal Parliament in Lagos

Russia appoints Mr. Aleksander Soldatov to succeed Mr. Jakob Malik as Soviet Ambassador in Britain

Thursday, January 14

Mr. Khrushchev announces that Russia is to reduce her armed forces by another 1,200,000 men

In Holland 10,000 people are evacuated after the bursting of a dam near Amsterdam

Friday, January 15

Icy conditions are reported over thousands of miles of roads in Britain

Three men recently found guilty at Nottingham, after the judge had given the jury ten minutes to reach a verdict, have their convictions quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal

Saturday, January 16

The London Conference on Cyprus opens. Scientists studying outer space agree at an international meeting in Nice to exchange more information

Sunday, January 17

It is announced that President Eisenhower will visit Russia next June

Railwaymen in the north-west of England decide not to join the twenty-four-hour token strike called for February 1 by railwaymen in London, but say that they will strike independently unless there is a satisfactory reply soon to their claim for more pay

Monday, January 18

The London Conference on Cyprus decides to postpone the date for declaring the island independent until March 19

Mr. Macmillan arrives in Salisbury for a visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Russia agrees to finance the main stage of the Aswan High Dam in Egypt

Tuesday, January 19

African elected members again stay away from the London Conference on Kenya

Mr. Macmillan, speaking in Southern Rhodesia, says that Britain will not withdraw her protection from the peoples of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia until they so wish

Anti-semitism condemned at the Convocations of Canterbury and York



President Nasser of the United Arab Republic (second from right) photographed during a visit to the Temple of Ramses II at Abou Simbel on January 10. When the Aswan High Dam (on which work was started last week) is completed the temple will be submerged



The opening of the London Conference on Cyprus on January 16: on the right is the Greek Cypriot leader, Archbishop Makarios. On January 18 the conference continues



A photograph taken at the reception which followed the wedding of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks at Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, on January 13. With the bride and bridegroom are Princess Anne, who was a bridesmaid for the first time, the Prince of Wales, and the Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, the bride's parents. The cake represented Broadlands, the bride's home. Among the many royal guests were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret

Right: a scene from the production by M. Michel St. Denis of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* which opened at Sadler's Wells last week. Raimund Herincz is seen as Creon





the Foreign Office on
n led by Archbishop
without agreement



The Prime Minister surrounded by a crowd of African boys as he visited a new housing estate in Lagos, the Federal capital of Nigeria, on January 12. The following day Mr. Macmillan addressed the House of Representatives there



Mr. Tom Mboya, Acting Secretary of the African Elected Members' Group, arriving last Saturday to attend the constitutional conference on Kenya which opened in London on January 18. He and the other African elected members boycotted the opening sessions of the conference in protest against the Colonial Secretary's refusal to admit Mr. P. M. Koinange as an adviser to their delegation



One of several recently discovered water-colours of the barrack hospital at Scutari in the Crimea. They were painted in 1856 by Anne Morton who was 'lady matron' at Scutari under Florence Nightingale. This one shows a corridor in the hospital



An incident during the international rugby match between England and Wales at Twickenham last Saturday when England won by fourteen points to six

Left: tobogganing on Hampstead Heath last week when temperatures in Britain were below freezing point

MORE STEEL FOR BRITAIN

**MR. HARALD PEAKE REPORTS ON ANOTHER YEAR
OF ACHIEVEMENT FOR THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES**

The Chairman's Statement, already circulated to the Company's shareholders, highlighted the following points:

RECORD OUTPUT

The production of steel ingots during the past year amounted to a record 2,324,000 tons compared with 2,178,000 tons in 1958.

Tinplate output was also the best that has been achieved—802,000 tons against the previous year's 670,000 tons.

The value of exports of tinplate and sheets including special electrical sheets went up from £27,407,000 in 1958 to £34,251,000 this year.

Turnover was £125,534,000—an increase of £12,204,000 over last year.

The Balance of Profit for the year after meeting all charges including Taxation and Interest on Debentures and Loans is £4,229,150 compared with £3,038,847 in 1958.

The past year has been one of excellent progress in all divisions and the Directors have no hesitation in recommending a modest increase in dividend from 1s. 9-6d. to 2s. a share. The Company has started the current financial year with an increased production capacity and with a full order book.

FULL ORDER BOOKS

1959 has seen an accelerating demand for all of the Company's products with the result that it has not been possible to satisfy in full the requirements of regular customers for steel sheets.

Under present conditions there are tremendous opportunities to increase the sale of steel sheets and tinplate at home and for export. The difficulty is to produce them in sufficient quantities.

DEVELOPMENT PLANS

The Third Development Plan announced in March 1956 was de-

signed in view of the expected increase in the demands of our home customers and to provide for the exports which were then anticipated. The increased production which is now resulting from the plan is most timely and will go some way towards meeting the requirements of customers, which are now running far in excess of their estimates.

During the summer of 1959 a close study was made of the future productive capacity of all the works and a Fourth Development Plan was prepared to expand the annual ingot production rate from 3,000,000 to 3,650,000 tons. When, therefore, the Company was asked, early in October 1959, by the Iron and Steel Board, to put forward proposals for increasing the production of steel sheets and tinplate as quickly as possible, a carefully considered plan was readily available. The estimated cost is £33,000,000 and it can start producing steel sheets and tinplate by the end of 1961.

The consent of the Iron and Steel Board to these developments is awaited.

GOOD PROSPECTS

Since October 1959 trade has improved appreciably and there are signs that the world may be entering a period of peaceful expansion with a general improvement in the standard of living. If this comes about there is likely to be, at any rate for some years, a world shortage of steel sheets and tinplate.

The iron and steel industry has a great part to play in the further expansion of British industry at home and overseas. The Steel Company of Wales, with an increased production capacity and full order books, is making a very important contribution to this expansion and must continue to do so.

The prospects are very good.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HAROLD FORSTER



In the City of Steel the modern development of the Bessemer steel-making process using steam and oxygen was introduced in June 1959. Three converters, each with a capacity of 50 tons, are now in operation.



THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 17 from the City of Steel



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Dr. Jung's Television Broadcast

Sir,—So many letters I have received have emphasized my statement about 'knowing' (of God) [in 'Face to Face', THE LISTENER, October 29]. My opinion about 'knowledge of God' is an unconventional way of thinking, and I quite understand if it should be suggested that I am no Christian. Yet I think of myself as a Christian since I am entirely based upon Christian concepts. I only try to escape their internal contradictions by introducing a more modest attitude, which takes into consideration the immense darkness of the human mind. The Christian idea proves its vitality by a continuous evolution, just like Buddhism. Our time certainly demands some new thought in this respect, as we cannot continue to think in an antique or medieval way, when we enter the sphere of religious experience.

I did not say in the broadcast. 'There is a God'. I said: 'I do not need to believe in God; I know'. Which does not mean: I do know a certain God (Zeus, Jahwe, Allah, the Trinitarian God, etc.) but rather: I do know that I am obviously confronted with a factor unknown in itself, which I call 'God' in *consensu omnium* ('quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditur'). I remember Him, I evoke Him, whenever I use His name overcome by anger or by fear, whenever I involuntarily say: 'Oh God'.

That happens when I meet somebody or something stronger than myself. It is an apt name given to all overpowering emotions in my own psychical system subduing my conscious will and usurping control over myself. This is the name by which I designate all things which cross my wilful path violently and recklessly, all things which upset my subjective views, plans, and intentions and change the course of my life for better or worse. In accordance with tradition I call the power of fate in this positive as well as negative aspect, and inasmuch as its origin is beyond my control, 'god', a 'personal god', since my fate means very much myself, particularly when it approaches me in the form of conscience as a *vox Dei*, with which I can even converse and argue. (We do and, at the same time, we know that we do. One is subject as well as object.)

Yet I should consider it an intellectual immorality to indulge in the belief that my view of a god is the universal, metaphysical Being of the confessions or 'philosophies'. I do neither commit the impertinence of a *hypostasis*, nor of an arrogant qualification such as: 'God can only be good'. Only my experience can be good or evil, but I know that the superior will is based upon a foundation which transcends human imagination. Since I know of my collision with a superior will in my own psychical system, I know of God, and if I should venture the illegitimate hypostasis of my image, I would say, of a God beyond good and evil, just as much dwelling in myself as everywhere else:

Deus est circulus cuius centrum est ubique, cuius circumferentia vero nusquam.

Yours, etc.,

Zürich

CARL GUSTAV JUNG

Sir,—In his letter (THE LISTENER, November 12) Mr. Hetherington seemed to imply that Dr. Jung had taken, as his own, Dr. Honegger's material concerning the sun-phallus. Nothing of the kind took place. Dr. Honegger, then a very young doctor and a pupil of Jung's, was told of the incident by Jung who suggested, out of kindness, that he might investigate the matter further and publish a paper on the subject. Jung passed on to Honegger his own observations. Unfortunately, Dr. Honegger fell ill and died soon after and the paper was never completed.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1.

E. A. BENNET

The Public and the Polls

Sir,—The purpose of Mr. D. E. G. Plowman's talk 'The Public and the Polls' (THE LISTENER, January 14) seems to me both largely misconceived and possibly erroneous in argument. It is not merely the polls that are thought to have failed, but the whole conclusions of the body of post-war electoral study known as 'psephology'. The polls were not needed to forecast an electoral victory for the Conservatives; by any ordinary understanding they grossly underestimated its scale and its nature. We had been led by psephology to expect a uniform national movement of votes and a distribution of seats in accordance with the 'cube law' whereby the ratio of seats for the two great parties would be as the cube of the ratio of their votes. We were also led to expect that the Liberals, if they gained, would gain primarily at the expense of the Conservatives.

In fact there was no uniform swing, Regionalism re-entered politics in a new and complex way, and the Conservative Party gained a victory unique in being a third electoral success with an increased majority for the party in power. In addition this victory was underestimated by the pollsters—and often very seriously underestimated if one eliminates Mr. Plowman's phrase 'on average'. (He should, I think, tell us what he has averaged, and whether a rational man would have done so before the election.)

Mr. Plowman remarks that any poll can, 'on occasion, be as much as 3 per cent. out . . . purely as a result of chance'. Such an error is trivial for most commercial or scientific purposes: it is not trivial in an election. In fact it would be total failure in most elections—and the smaller errors of this campaign are certainly in ordinary usage what most of us would call failure—though not your contributor. His worry that a party in power, controlling the date of an election, may be there for ever is therefore not very real, and certainly can hardly follow from 'the very accuracy of the polls'.

What has cheered people up about the

admittedly relative failures of the polls and of psephology is, I would suggest, the restoration of surprise, the failure of the prophets of a uniform conformity of political behaviour, and a restored, even if illusory, sense of free will and the significance of political choice. In addition the lessened prestige of the polls undoubtedly removes a danger that Mr. Plowman does not consider—the danger of politics becoming the slave of a continuous and irresponsible referendum conducted by the pollsters. Their place in market research and sociology remains and is beneficial. In politics it has been shaken.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

DONALD MACRAE

Unfair to the Germans?

Sir,—It is surely time we borrowed that expression 'fair play' from the German language, which once lacked anything equivalent, and introduced Mr. Goronwy Rees to it. From his article 'The Wunderland' (THE LISTENER, January 14) it appears that he was bigoted from birth against Germany. He presents so restricted a picture of Germany today, that it makes his article as remote from the truth as the myth that all Englishmen wear bowler hats.

It is a pity that when in Cologne he did not find time to wander through the cathedral. It is a greater pity that he does not propose to attend the Photokina to be held in Cologne later this year, for there he would meet a more representative cross-section of the German people. Many of these are admittedly 'old fashioned' in that they prefer to find pleasure in simple things and follow active pursuits. In 1956 there were not anti-war inscriptions on the walls, but there were many anti-war photographs on display.

I have worked with Germans—and, indeed, with people from many other countries—who were unsparing in their efforts to help our countrymen in our hospitals. I have met again friends made in Germany in 1937 and I have found their welcome just as sincere as it was then.

When waiting on a small railway station in Germany in 1956, I overheard this conversation between two elderly German women, who may well have been mothers.

Said one to the other: 'All this rain—it is terrible, isn't it?' The answer came: 'Yes, but thank God, we have peace'.

To conclude, I think Mr. Goronwy Rees could afford to lose some of his insularity, might well study Gustav Freytag, and should make a serious effort to cure his own *Rassenhass*.

Yours, etc.,

Bridport

DENNIS J. RIPPINGTON

Why Does Germania Weep?

Sir,—In his talk entitled 'Why Does Germania Weep?' (THE LISTENER, January 7) Mr. Amery calls Hitler 'Madame de

Staël's most important convert'. This seems to me rather far-fetched. We can arrive at a better explanation of the German predicament if we call Hitler Hegel's most important convert. Hegel's deification of the state created the German idealist imbued with those qualities which Mr. Amery calls 'secondary virtues'; he does not tell us what he would call primary virtues, and we do not know, therefore, whether he himself is a Christian critic of secular idealism or a critic who dismisses post-Descartes idealism lock, stock, and barrel like Heidegger and other existentialists, or whether he is still a Hegelian idealist of the old school.

Secular idealism knows only of political values and subordinates the private life of man to the needs of the state; man is either a hero or he belongs to the contemptible 'pedlar-huckster class', which designation Mr. Amery uses to avoid the word 'bourgeois'; after all, he does not want to upset his English listener who is a member of Western bourgeois society. But clearly Mr. Amery's mournful reference to Adam Smith shows him on the side of the Russian despiser of the bourgeois. The bourgeois is certainly not the idealist of the Hegelian pattern. Once the God-created world is split into an ideal sphere and the rest—scorned as the material sphere—there is no possibility of justifying 'the good life'. This phrase is full of religious meaning and cannot easily be translated into German; it is quite distinct from 'good living'. Schiller, in popularizing German idealism, taught his countrymen that 'life is not the highest of values', and the Nazis propagated this doctrine in the words 'death is easy'. If Hitler is seen as a German idealist, as Hegel's most important convert, Germany is responsible for Hitler. If, on the other hand, Hitler is seen as 'Madame de Staël's most important convert', as Mr. Amery contends, it is implicitly alleged that the German people is innocent of Hitler's crimes. Is it this that Mr. Amery unconsciously has in mind?

Yours, etc.,

Edgware

IGNAZ MAYBAUM-

The Edge of the Sixties

Sir,—In the first issue of THE LISTENER AND B.B.C. TELEVISION REVIEW (January 7), your critic discriminates very justly between the four documentaries that made up this retrospective series. Doubtless there were other viewers besides Mr. Hilary Corke who, when looking at 'The Thirties', thought it 'an excellent thing that partisans like Mr. Muggeridge should be allowed to blow their tops in public'. They may also have 'longed to hear Mr. Muggeridge's rasping comments on the succeeding programme, 'VE plus Ten'.

But perhaps still other viewers may have been too simple-minded to understand that 'The Thirties' was in a category entirely different from the other three sequences. They may have taken it as straight history. They did not know that it was 'wilfully wrong-headed' and 'mischievously angled'. Possibly they had forgotten that they had seen this same film a few months earlier, and that therefore Mr. Muggeridge had had two opportunities of propagating his 'lively and amusing' misrepresentations.

In the light of your own editorial remarks on television reviewing, perhaps we could ask you, sir, whether readers could take a hand in the game? We should like to ask when we shall be

allowed to hear and see the other side of the story of 'The Thirties'—the side that was so deliberately suppressed in the B.B.C. presentation. Instead of hearing solely about the men who were not employed, let us see what was done by the 10,000,000 or so men who were employed. They helped to save England. Of course we should want to be reminded of the sailors and soldiers and airmen who, in the face of the frantic opposition of Mr. Muggeridge's literary associates, were building up our fighting forces. There would be at least a hint of the swelling volume of work on the County class cruisers and the 'Ark Royal' and the Blenheims and the Wellingtons and the Sunderlands and the Hurricanes and the Spitfires. Perhaps Mr. Hilary Corke would have been contemptuous of a film showing the 'Queen Mary' sliding down the ways into the rain-swept Clyde, but we who saw it found it very exciting indeed.

As for Robert Watson-Watt perfecting radar and Archibald MacIndoe perfecting his technique of plastic surgery that saved so many R.A.F. pilots, they were doubtless outside the range of newsreel cameramen and therefore they did not exist.

And there were countless other achievements of 'The Thirties' that helped Britain to survive the 'Forties' and whose benefits we can enjoy today in 'The Sixties': Battersea power station, Fulham power station, the North Circular Road, the Great West Road, Western Avenue, the Barnet By-pass, the Guildford By-pass, hundreds of miles of other arterial roads, and by-passes; new bridges over the Thames, the Tyne, the Tweed, the Forth, the Clyde; great new dock and harbour works at the Port of London, Dover, Southampton, and so on.

It seems to me, then, that here is a fundamental point for discussion in THE B.B.C. TELEVISION REVIEW. Is the aim of B.B.C. documentaries merely to be amusing, lively, and mischievous, or should they tell us what happened?

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

HERBERT ADDISON

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—I do not object to Mr. Alasdair MacIntyre's claim (THE LISTENER, January 7) that he can improve on the marxism of the young Communist intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties, of whom I was one; but something more than a couple of quotations from Marx (with which we were all familiar) will be necessary for this purpose. It seems doubtful, moreover, whether the marxism of the Socialist Labour League is really any better than the comparative crudities which filled our untutored minds. Indeed, from any comparison between the literature of that body, which seems to specialize in violent sectarianism and total disregard of inconvenient facts, and the best British marxist literature of the nineteen-thirties, the latter would seem to emerge with credit.

What I do object to is Mr. MacIntyre's identification of virtually all the Communist intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties with a few prominent ones, his distortion of the views we held, and his lack of understanding of the spirit which inspired them.

For the first error, Dr. Wood, rather than Mr. MacIntyre, is to blame. It is not true that we all had 'upper-middle-class houses and public school backgrounds', or that we were 'almost all products of Oxford and Cambridge'.

As an unmistakably lower-middle-class, municipal-secondary-school product, I was by no means isolated in the Oxford student Communist group. At least four contemporaries from my own school played fairly prominent parts in the student Communist movement. Provincial universities had their student groups, such as the one at Bristol with which I was in contact, while the London School of Economics was such a 'hotbed' that even today some parents, in their ignorance, hesitate to send their children to this 'red' institution. Of course, the public school and Oxbridge Communists got most of the publicity, and it is this that has misled both Dr. Wood and Mr. MacIntyre, who are without first-hand knowledge of the period, as to the 'social climate' of intellectual communism in the nineteen-thirties.

For the rest of the distortions Mr. MacIntyre, I fear, is mainly responsible. We were *not* automata to whom 'policy and theory' were just 'handed down'. We were *discovering* marxism, which in those days seemed an exciting new creed. We accepted the discipline of the Party, not unwillingly and with all kinds of *arrières pensées*, but with eagerness and enthusiasm. Its policies for the defeat of fascism and prevention of war seemed to us so obviously right that we had some difficulty in imagining how any right-minded person could fail to support them. And the idea that Stalin had put the revolution in 'cold storage' struck us as the absurd invention of a group of political degenerates. For was not the Soviet Union, under his leadership, in the vanguard of the struggle against fascism and war? And had not the U.S.S.R., by carrying through its great programme of industrialization at a time when the capitalist world had entered what appeared to be its final crisis, proved the superiority of socialism and the necessity of revolution? True, we shut our eyes firmly to what Communists now primly call the 'negative features' of Stalinism. But how difficult it was for anyone, even unaffected by the generous illusions which we harboured, to distinguish truth from falsehood about a country which seemed to be gloriously defying all the 'rules'!

As for our revolutionism, I can assure Mr. MacIntyre that we believed profoundly in the necessity of a British revolution, and thought that successful resistance to fascism and war, via the Popular Front, would inevitably lead to it, if the Party played its cards properly. The 1936 programme of the Communist Party, 'For a Soviet Britain', which we welcomed, was nothing if not a revolutionary document. Furthermore, our belief was *not* that 'the rational society would be run by scientists', but that it would be run by the *workers*, whose rule would give the scientists the opportunity to release all those productive forces held in check by capitalism. We believed—Heaven help us!—in barricades and in Soviets, obstinately refusing to recognize that modern military techniques had made the former obsolete and that the Stalinist dictatorship had taken the life out of the latter.

That our faith proved illusory is a historically attested fact. But it was not *all* illusion, and I am glad that so few of us took the Trotskyite path, which seems to me today, as it seemed to me then, to lead straight towards a desert of intellectual talmudism and political ineffectiveness.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 16

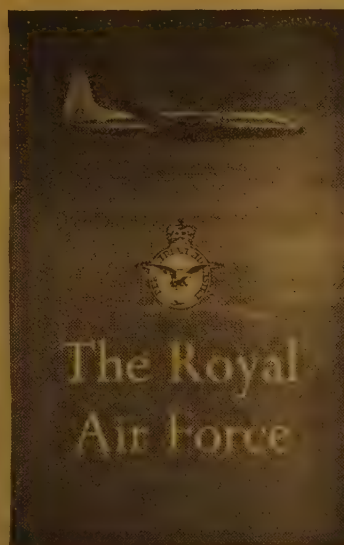
A. H. HANSON



‘For the want of a nail...’

... the battle was lost! Today the ‘nails’ of the Royal Air Force are aircraft, radios, trucks, jet engines, radar stations, and men (and their families). Weapons and men, strategically placed, exactly where they are needed. Countless factors affect their location. A squadron of V-bombers here ... a thousand miles away a radio station which would alert them. A touchy political situation there ... should a unit be moved? Should a new transport staging post be opened? How can the R.A.F. be best deployed for the effective defence of the peace of the world?

To meet these new concepts of global strategy, the science of *logistics* is being developed. Logistics is concerned with the supply and movement of men, materials and weapons. There is no more vital subject than this marshalling of the forces at our disposal to meet any contingency. But it is only one of the many subjects which absorb the interest of the men who make the Royal Air Force their career. There is no more satisfying or worthwhile profession.



FACT-FINDING You may want to know more about commissions in the R.A.F. – either for yourself, or for young men who come to you for advice. Full details can be obtained from Group Captain J. N. Ogle, A.F.C., A.F.M., Air Ministry (LT41), Admiralty House, London, WC1. Give the ages and educational qualifications of the people concerned, and say whether they are interested in flying, technical, or non-technical careers.

The Future of Man

Sir,—I suppose I must be one of those 'one or two biologists' who 'are still feebly [*sic*] trying to graft a Lamarckian or instructive interpretation upon ordinary genetical evolution' according to Professor Medawar.

Now this quotation shows the educational harm that may be done by one sitting in the Olympian heights of the Reith Lectureship by the misuse of words and by misstating some of the facts. The use of the words 'ordinary genetical evolution', to every ordinary reader—and the Reith Lectures were devised for the ordinary man, not for the specialist—implies that an explanation of evolution has been established on 'ordinary genetical', that is, on Mendelian, lines. This, of course, as Professor Medawar knows perfectly well, is not so. The orthodox modern geneticist has produced excruciatingly complicated schemes whereby different species may be finally established, and nobody in their senses would deny this. But the modern geneticist has never yet produced evidence of a new adaptation arising by a Mendelian mechanism in a natural environment, and by 'natural environment' I mean, as did Charles Darwin, one that has not been interfered with by the effects of human activities. The Mendelians, in fact, deal only with distortions of all the wonderful mechanisms of an organism, which have been sorted and sifted by Natural Selection so as to render that organism most suited for its environment. But the story of evolution is one long series of the appearance and exploitation of amazing new devices to overcome the increasing perplexities of life as the different types of living forms become more and more numerous. This is completely outside the framework of orthodox modern genetics.

And then the use of the words 'Lamarckian or instructive interpretation . . .'. What can the words 'instructive interpretation' as opposed to 'Lamarckian' mean? They may mean a dozen things—or they may mean nothing! In the same way Professor Medawar, in his second lecture, referred to 'radical evolution', and by the way he delivered it, it certainly sounded as though this was some very important new type of evolution. But what can radical evolution mean? I consulted two professors of philosophy and they were both of uncertain mind and so perhaps, after all, radical evolution meant just simply—evolution!

But to return to this expression 'instructive interpretation' and its apposition—Lamarckism—the trouble here is that Professor Medawar chooses to take the view that he does not know what Lamarckism implies. To him, in all his Reith Lectures, he adopts the view that Lamarckism is simply a belief in the inheritance of acquired characters. But in a paper which I published three years ago on 'What Lamarck really said', I showed that the idea of the inheritance of acquired characters was really an ill-advised idea that Lamarck put forward. In fact, in the presence of his famous second law which states that whatever is required by a changing environment will appear, the fact as to whether or not the effects of use and disuse are inherited becomes redundant. And this I have tried to show is not a matter of opinion but an objective fact. Professor Medawar knows of this paper but, like his other genetical colleagues, chooses to ignore it. Would it not have

been better if, in his Reith Lectures, he had devoted at least a little time to try and show in what way my views are incorrect? After all, I am not alone in tilting at the Neo Mendelian windmill. I am in very good company. Opposition to the British idea of the mechanism of evolution is coming in from most distinguished scientists all over the world.

Further, as again I feel certain that Professor Medawar is aware, I have extended my views in a recently published book on *Lamarck and Modern Genetics* and in this book I show that, once the correct idea of Lamarckism is realized, the whole of modern genetics is riddled with Lamarckism. Directly the Neo Mendelian admits that an organism must of necessity adjust itself phenotypically to any genotypical change he has sold his soul to Lamarck. Professor Medawar in his third Reith Lecture naïvely stated that bacteria, should the hazards of their life change adversely, alter themselves and their offspring in such a way as to overcome these new obstacles. But this is what Lamarck said 150 years ago!

However, after all, is not this essence of real Lamarckism self-evident? The ultimate basis of life is a chemical mixture which we know as protoplasm, and each form of life appears to have its own particular protoplasm. Further, this unique type of mixture always has the power of manufacturing more and more of the same mixture as itself. This is the basis of growth and leads to the continuity of particular types of life.

But at all stages the protoplasm must be in equilibrium with its environment. If this were not so, no protoplasm would retain any particular identity. Hence, if the environment changes, the protoplasm must vary with it accordingly. That is, it must change in such a way as to bring itself back into equilibrium again. If it did not do this surely, as Darwin pointed out just 100 years ago, it would be wiped out of existence by Natural Selection in competition with those protoplasms that did. Does it not follow that this adaptive ability must form a *sine qua non* of all living organisms?

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 13

H. GRAHAM CANNON

'Lifeline' and Hypnosis

Sir,—One of the experimental subjects with whom I work and who appeared on television with me in 'Lifeline' (November 24), has brought to my notice a letter from her, signed 'Hypnotic Subject', which you published in your columns (December 31), and the subsequent reply of your television critic Mr. Hilary Corke (January 7). In the course of his reply, Mr. Corke asks a number of questions, 'as one desiring instruction', and my experimental subject has suggested it might be more interesting if I tried to give the answers, rather than she.

On the subject of Sir Kenneth Clark, Mr. Corke writes (with due apology): 'Is a "professional intellectual" such as Sir Kenneth, holding strong and informed opinions, really at all likely to prove a suitable deep-trance subject?' As far as anyone knows at present, Sir Kenneth's chances in this respect are exactly the same as yours, sir, as Mr. Corke's, as mine, or anyone else's: and these are about 4 to 1 against. As to his being a 'very deep trance' subject, such as 'Hypnotic Subject' herself, and thereby capable of age regression, positive and negative hallucination, and eidetic imagery, the chances are

probably as much as 50 to 1 against: a long price which applies equally to all of us and has nothing to do with Sir Kenneth's intellectual attainments or any other recognizable qualities. 'Hypnotic Subject' was perfectly correct in stating that there is no known way in which hypnotizability is recognizable except by hypnosis—or by testing a hardly defined quality described as 'suggestibility'—and there is certainly no known correlation between 'intellectuality' (professional or otherwise) and 'unhypnotizability'.

With regard to Mr. Corke's second question I think it unlikely that an intellectual's 'convictions' about art, or anything else, go any 'deeper' than the convictions of the rest of us, although it is highly likely that an artist draws upon unconscious thoughts and attitudes during the act of artistic creation. In this respect an artist's 'views' on certain subjects might evidence better agreement than the average at the conscious and unconscious levels: but because of an increased traffic from within outwards, not the other way. But all this is, in any case, highly conjectural. What is certain is that in discussing anything with a person under hypnosis, one is in contact by definition, with what Freud described as the 'unconscious mind'—or at any rate part of it.

Mr. Corke's third and final question concerns the behaviour of an intelligent man given a post-hypnotic suggestion to the effect 'that he would admire an indifferent work of art on waking'. Mr. Corke's conclusion that this would set up conflicts is perfectly correct, and the manner in which such conflicts would be dealt with by the subject of such an experiment would turn out to be highly individual: just as we all have our own ways of dealing with the various conflicts of everyday life. The psychological mechanisms involved in the temporary resolution of such conflicts are today household words and include *repression, rationalization, projection and distortion*. I am entirely in agreement with Mr. Corke in his original statement reviewing the programme in THE LISTENER (December 3) that it would be interesting to find out just how Sir Kenneth Clark would react in these circumstances.

Yours, etc.,

'A DOCTOR'

Standards of Measurement

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. V. A. Firsoff, commenting on my talk (published in THE LISTENER of December 10) correctly points out that there will be a tidal effect which would cause a seasonal change in the period of rotation of the earth. Calculations of this effect however give a value which is less than one-tenth of that observed. The most likely explanation is that the major part of the change is due to winds, but the theories advanced cannot be regarded as giving a complete explanation. This problem was discussed a little over a year ago at the Moscow meeting of the International Astronomical Union, when it was concluded that 'one might offer a number of explanations for an annual variation but an unexplained semi-annual variation appears to be a more difficult matter for which to account'.—Yours, etc.,

G. B. B. M. SUTHERLAND
Director

National Physical Laboratory
Teddington

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

JAMES WARD, R.A., died in 1859, and to mark this centenary the Arts Council has arranged an exhibition of his work, not too late to be welcome, at the Tate Gallery. To most of us he is known chiefly by his enormous and louring canvas, 'Gordale Scar', which in recent years has taken up so much room in the Tate Gallery, or by a few of his animal pictures that may have been seen here and there; a strain of exaggeration or violence in his work has also led people who like Fuseli or John Martin to take him up. But the present exhibition of fifty-four paintings and many drawings and water-colours suggests that his romantic imagination, his taste for subjects like 'Boa Serpent Seizing a Horse', was rather at odds with the natural bent of his talent.

After being trained as an engraver it was the influence of George Morland, who became his brother-in-law, that turned him to painting. Morland was a natural and instinctive painter, the reverse of a romantic and at his best with pigs; and at a time when so many English artists were restraining themselves in the pursuit of the sublime and the ridiculous

Ward had the good luck, or the good taste, to find as his first model a humbler and a more genuine kind of painting. No doubt it was partly good taste, for in 1803, when he was thirty-four years of age, he was overwhelmed by the sight of Rubens's 'Château de Steen', sent by Sir George Beaumont to Benjamin West's studio so that as many artists as possible could see it. Ward remained all day in contemplation of this picture, and in direct emulation of it and on a panel of exactly the same size he produced his masterpiece, the Victoria and Albert Museum's landscape, 'Bulls Fighting, with a view of St. Bonat's Castle in the background'.

The bulls and the extravagantly gnarled trees in the foreground are incidental and do not come out of Rubens. What he did get from his model, and what he most admired in it, were the silvery tones and the broad and sweeping design; it was not as a romantic but as a great recutant and a supreme master of his medium that Rubens seems to have appealed to him. If ever there was an artist who needed a sound addition, informed criticism by fellow artists who really understood painting, it was an eccentric and uneducated man like Ward; but it was far from easy to get such help and support in Eng-

land at that time. In spite of the fact that his landscape was rejected by the Royal Academy, West said that it made Rubens look 'gross and vulgar'. Neither judgment was at all useful, and it is not surprising that throughout his career Ward was apt to behave as if there was nothing between the pure pot-boiler, the portrait of a favourite animal, and megalomaniac ventures in the grand historical manner like his

impatient gesture. A wall of such works, with one of the most vigorous and effective, Graham Bevan's 'Zion', in the centre, gives a good impression of the possibilities of this style.

Mixed exhibitions like this, and the London Group more than any other, do a great deal of good by bringing to light new talent, but the contrasts of style and temperament must inevitably have a bewildering effect. All one can do is

to pick out such interesting works as Robert Medley's complicated design of figures with bicycles, 'Summer Eclogue 1950', Carel Weight's eerie suburban landscape with a scene of violence in the corner, Philip Sutton's alarmingly effective portrait, 'Mrs. Aukin'; Keith Baynes's sensitive little landscape, 'The Lighthouse, Portugal'; Elsie Few's distinguished self-portrait; Howard Hodgkin's enigmatic still-life, 'Interior of a Museum', and the carefully constructed figure paintings of Patrick George and Anthony Eyton.

The exhibition pays tribute to two members of the Group who have recently died, Matthew Smith and Epstein. Epstein's monumental manner is well represented by



A study on panel by James Ward for his picture 'The Bunch of Grapes Tavern': lent by Lord Hesketh to the centenary exhibition at the Tate Gallery

ill-fated 'Triumph of the Duke of Wellington'.

Nevertheless, he did manage to paint quite a number of works that happily come between the two extremes. His small studies in oils are often delightful, and at his best his rendering of fiery animals in juicy paint is almost worthy of Géricault, who had a considerable admiration for his art. The texture of his paint is always unmistakable and often agreeable, though at times it becomes a mannerism and gives to everything he painted a meaty quality, so that even tree trunks may look as if they had come out of a butcher's shop.

The London Group's exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries is this year rather smaller than usual because the rooms are being reorganized; young painters, and the large canvases they insist on using, have very properly been given room at the expense of members of the Group. It appears that the young have rather suddenly become interested in the work of David Bomberg, and this influence seems to have encouraged the development of action painting, if it can any longer be called such, away from the use of tangled skeins of paint and towards a design of detached though still often loosely defined forms splashed on the canvas as if with an angry and

his carving in white marble of two hands and arms; and there are two of Smith's earlier nudes and his portrait of Mrs. John Russell.

The Whitworth Art Gallery, which now belongs to the University of Manchester, owns a magnificent collection of English water-colours and drawings and some remarkable works of foreign schools, both ancient and modern. Out of the 2,000 or more works in the collection the Arts Council has chosen 106 for exhibition at 4 St. James's Square, and even this selection is a revelation of the often unsuspected wealth of the collection. All the greatest English water-colourists are here, and represented by major works; even the modern foreign drawings, though not the most important part of the collection, include exceptionally fine works by Van Gogh, Picasso, and Rodin.

Marie Louise Motesiczky, whose paintings are exhibited at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is an artist of Austrian extraction who once studied under Max Beckmann in Frankfurt, but has now gone her own way to produce a highly idiosyncratic art of private but evocative imagery, a fantasy world in which figures closely studied from life and with a sharp perception of character play their part.

Forgotten Galleries—X: Birmingham

QUENTIN BELL revisits the City Art Gallery

ON the very day that I visited Birmingham a newly acquired Simone Martini was being set upon the walls. It is only a small panel on which a saint, drawn with charming simplicity upon a gilt background, stands holding a book; but it is worth very much more than its weight in gold. On the same afternoon the 'Blessed John of Avila' by Pierre Subleyras, was also hung for the first time. This is an astonishing picture; it owes its considerable dramatic impact to the heavy, sculptural shape of a white surplice made, by great force of drawing, to match the startling candour and penetrating, ecstatic gaze of the holy man's face. The whole work is a wonderful example of the way in which extremely sober colours—grey-greens, leaden blues, whites and pale yellows—can, by a skilful disposition, be made sensational.

This must have been a red-letter day for the gallery; but to judge from some fairly recent acquisitions—a large Botticelli, a Morandi (how many of our public galleries would have had the good sense to acquire a work by this excellent painter?), a Gilman, a Riopelle, a Sutherland, and a Henry Moore—Birmingham is a good deal better acquainted with good fortune of this kind than are most of our municipal

galleries. The reason is simple enough—Birmingham is generous where other cities are mean, intelligent where they are stupid, cultured where they are philistine. The city gives a purchasing grant of £12,000 a year, and there is a capital fund which could presently put it into a position in which it might even purchase a Cézanne—always supposing it should wish to do so. During the past fifteen years the staff has increased six-fold, and there is space enough for the gallery to carry a travelling exhibition without the kind of displacements and discomforts that are experienced elsewhere.

Birmingham could not qualify as a forgotten gallery—in truth it has attained the status of a national gallery—if it were not for the fact that other cities contrive so easily to forget how important an example it has set. In so far as the paintings are concerned—and it would be wrong to think only of them, for the archaeological section is magnificent—the museum is divisible into five main sections; these are devoted to the English school, the Italians, the Seicento, the pre-Raphaelites and Contemporary Art. All have benefited not only by wise purchasing, but by some judicious borrowing. Some of the finest British portraits are on loan, including a very spirited Gainsborough sketch of

the highest quality. But there is much that is not, as, for instance, an exquisitely painted Alan Ramsay of an old lady.

Amongst the earlier Italians is a large Botticelli, 'The Descent of the Holy Ghost' (reproduced here). It is not the kind of Botticelli that charms one immediately. It is without delicacy or atmosphere, completed, it may be, by pupils but designed with tremendous force, a veritable torrent of astonished figures, pitched in a series of violent curves round the emergent form of the Virgin. This is not the best picture in the gallery, but it photographs well and so I show it. I should like also to be able to reproduce some of the pictures of the seventeenth century, the Subleyras or Orazio Gentileschi's 'Rest on the Flight to Egypt', with its fine, strong, rectilinear forms, reminiscent in their patterning of the work of some abstract painters, but with humane simplicity which is rare in our century. And above all I should like to reproduce Claude Lorraine's 'Ponte Môle', the most lucid rendering imaginable of the serenity and growing darkness of a southern evening.

Birmingham has been called a pre-Raphaelite city, and in truth the pre-Raphaelites are present in considerable force. The collection of the first generation of the Brotherhood is as impressive as that at Manchester, and in addition there is an overpowering roomful of Burne Jones. Burne Jones in his most embarrassing, his most uninhibited vein, rushing in where we would fear to tread. There is also—and this is more to my personal taste—a fine collection of the English painters of that middle period which lies between the age of Fuseli and that of Millais—John Martin's magnificent embodiments of Heaven and Hell, Haydon, Leslie, and a surprisingly competent Redgrave. I should like to write at length about them and also about Couture's self-portrait, which is good enough to stand beside a first-rate Degas pastiche and a Mary Cassatt, or, amongst the moderns, about Robert Medley, who is represented by one of his most beautiful evocations of the volatile life of cyclists in the street.

But I must now inform the reader that a long suffering editor has finally brought this series to a close. Wakefield and Leicester, Barnard Castle and the Watts Museum must go unrecorded by me. I hope they, and others, will accept my apologies. I must also suggest that in visiting our provincial galleries I have gained an impression which is by no means reassuring. The general picture is one of good, ill-paid, overworked officials, serving under blindly ignorant committees. There ought to be more staff, they ought to be better paid, and they ought to have the chance to use their abilities to the full. There ought to be more money for the provincial galleries, not only from rates but from the Exchequer. Given money and good sense, great things are possible. Birmingham has shown what can be done: does England mean to do it?

Previous articles appeared in 1959 on April 23, May 18, August 6 and 27, September 17, October 13 and 29, and November 26.



'The Descent of the Holy Ghost', by Sandro Botticelli and pupils: in the City Art Gallery, Birmingham

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Heroes of the Greeks

By C. Kerényi.

Thames and Hudson. 35s.

Reviewed by T. B. L. WEBSTER

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE to whom this book is dedicated will find an extraordinarily rich and well-presented mass of material; theirs is the task, if they will, to give it new and living form. The author's task has been to present in honest and objective prose a connected account of the lives of the heroes. The lives are organized in five books, which preserve as far as possible a chronological sequence; thus if we take the thread which leads up to Orestes, we find Danaos, Perseus, Tantalos, and Pelops in the first book—the pre-history of the Agamemnon story—and in the third book (the second book is entirely concerned with Herakles) the rest of the story from Atreus through the Trojan war to Orestes and Iphigeneia. The Theban stories and the other stories are treated in the same way.

This is a sensitive reconstruction, and we are not allowed to forget that it is a reconstruction. Sometimes in the text we are told that a piece of information comes from a tragic poet, or from a Greek vase or a Roman sarcophagus, but normally each new fact is merely given a number which refers to the list of 2,685 numbered sources in the appendix. Thus every point can be easily checked in its original source (though sometimes the original sources have to be sought through the author's earlier *Gods of the Greeks*).

The account includes works of art, and seventy-six vases dating from about 570 B.C. to about 330 B.C. are reproduced on admirable plates. The only criticism which might be made here is that an indication of date and fabric would have been helpful; the future poets might like to know whether a picture is contemporary with Arion or Aeschylus or Euripides and whether it was painted in Athens or Corinth or Sparta; one clue is indeed given, but obscured in translation—an 'ancient vase-painting' should be rendered 'archaic vase-painting', i.e., early sixth century. But most of the vases are given adequate references in the list of illustrations and can therefore be discovered.

The lives are a reconstruction from varied sources of varying dates. Beside the known sequence of poets retelling the old stories to suit the needs of their own generation (with which can be included the short references in later authorities to known poets) a mass of undated information survives not only in late ancient mythological compilations but also in ancient commentators on earlier authors. To show the changes of emphasis and incident as a story is handed down from Homer to Roman times is not the author's purpose; but he does note many of the variants, and in a difficult introduction he defines the status of heroic legend, and thereby says something of its status before Homer and outside literature. Heroes were in some cases figures of history, but they were also connected with the gods and they had a posthumous life in cult. They are thus midway

between men and gods. In epic poetry their human side is emphasized. Their stories have no resemblance to folk-tales (which are, I think, sometimes heroic legends in their decadence), and only a little more to the Icelandic sagas, but for the author they take their origin in Mycenaean times when men in some sense saw their kings as gods (at least after their death) and at the same time represented their gods as men. From here the author traces a line to Dionysus as the god of the dead and to tragedy. This is a difficult but thought-provoking introduction to an extremely valuable book.

Marcel Proust. A world symposium.

Adam, No. 260. 7s. 6d.

It is now just thirty-seven years since, on January 1, 1923, Proust's friends and fellow-writers brought their homage to his recent ghost in a famous special number of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Few of that noble company are still with us: most are now, twice over, 'giants immersed in the ocean of years', on whose tempestuous waters Proust with his book walks for ever; but three of the survivors reappear, as eternally young as their friend, in this special number of *Adam*, which marks, as it were, the other end of the rainbow.

Marquis Georges de Lauris was one of the group of young noblemen who merged into the swift and glancing Saint-Loup. André Maurois, though he never met his subject in person, is not only (besides so much else) the author of the finest literary biography of Proust but the husband of the beautiful and talented young woman, née Simone de Caillavet, who appears in *Le Temps Retrouvé* as the daughter of Gilberte Swann and Saint-Loup. For Cocteau, characteristically, Proust is a magical figure, a native of a supernatural world whose exile in the world of things renders him illusorily absurd: Proust, reading *Swann* aloud in his lunatic bedroom at 102 Boulevard Haussmann, 'is a Captain Nemo in his *Nautilus*'. 'I ought never to have begun to read', he cries, cackling with laughter behind his gloved hand; and he is visible in dazzling silhouette, having excused himself, behind the illuminated glass partition of his dressing-room, wearing a violet waistcoat and eating noodles with a fork.

Other surviving friends who missed the net of the *N.R.F.* have been caught by *Adam*. Violet Schiff tells how she saw Proust meet James Joyce; Sir Henry Channon knew him in the night world of war-time Paris, in the dark spring of Big Bertha and the Gotha air-raids; Mlle. Renée de Saussine remembers the young Marcel in her father's music salon, where nearly seventy years ago he learned to appreciate Wagner, and heard the first originals of the Vinteuil Sonata. Others make fundamental contributions to Proustian scholarship: Professor Kolb, the greatest living Proust scholar, dates from Proust's manuscript the various complex stages in the composition of *Jean Santeuil*; Anthony Pugh lists numerous uncollected or seemingly lost articles by Proust, Georges Cattaui records an extraordinary meeting with a half-

brother of Proust's chauffeur, Alfred Agostinelli, one of the chief originals of Albertine. Professor Cocking throws new light on the influence of George Eliot in Proust's conception of Time Lost, while Professor Inoue, a Japanese Proustian, shows enchantingly how the leit-motif of the Combray hawthorns ramifies throughout *A la Recherche*. Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Six Proustian Reconstructions* and Anthony Spalding's *Reader's Handbook to Proust*—two works which have penetrated further than more conventional critiques into the heart of the Proustian mystery—are discussed by their authors.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the number is the volcanic and volatile editor's Proustian version of the Quest for Corvo, in which he travels the world from Paris to Tokyo interviewing Proust's friends and critics. Mr. Miron Grindea edits *Adam* for love and his contributors are paid in the same commodity. Is there any good reason why this great small literary magazine should forever walk the razor-edge of extinction unaided, or why only opera, ballet, and symphony should be helped by the state?

GEORGE D. PAINTER

They Came as Strangers. By Francesca M. Wilson. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

If, in the eighteen-eighties, just before Christmas, you had called at No. 122, Regent's Park Road, you would have found eager women preparing the ingredients for plum pudding, or strong men taking turns in stirring it. Their host and foreman was Engels, who was busy being more English than the English. It makes a nice picture of refugees in this country.

There are many such pictures in Miss Wilson's touching account of the refugees to Great Britain. She talks of the Flemings, the Huguenots, the émigrés from the various French revolutions, and the eternal problem of wandering Jews. She carries her survey from the fourteenth century up to 1914, when the first world war ended the age-long period of free entry to these islands; and, in a postscript, she briefly discusses the refugees from 1914 to 1959.

It has been pointed out that while any French hotel might flourish as l'Hôtel des Étrangers, no Englishman would call his inn The Foreigners' Hotel. In general, we do not love foreigners; and yet, as Miss Wilson observes, we have passionately defended the right of asylum, and (at least until 1914) we were, in Schiller's words, 'the last bulwark against oppression'. This is no doubt to our credit; but it is also true that this 'sprinkling of foreigners' has given us far more than our reward. Art, industry, and science have gained untold benefit; and, by a quirk of history, a Huguenot Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier, was responsible for the promotion of Wolfe, and was therefore partly responsible for our conquest of Canada from France.

Miss Wilson's book appears in World Refugee Year, and part of the royalties from the sale will be given to its funds. It therefore deserves



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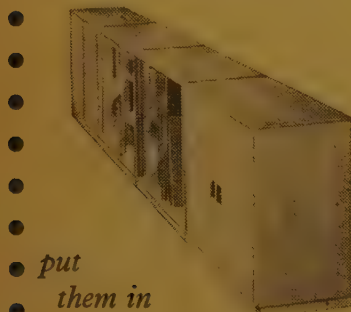
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be bought. But it is, in any case, a fascinating chapter of social history; and I, for one, was enthralled by the thought of Ethel Smyth, that dazzling refugee, the Empress of the genre, at Farnborough. The Empress 'admired the way she sang Mass and liked her dash and informality. Ethel Smyth used to bicycle to Farnborough, and change behind a tree'. Dash and informality indeed.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

On Status Seekers. By Vance Packard. Longmans. 21s.

The middle class, and particularly academic, American has cherished over many years the comforting myth that in the society of the United States, in contrast to those of Europe, a man was judged entirely by his present worth, and not by the past accidents of education, parental wealth, or ancestral distinction; that the United States is an 'open' society, in which the top positions were available to all, if they had sufficient enterprise and initiative; and that a man's relative success or failure was entirely his own responsibility. This may have been true on the expanding frontier of the nineteenth century (and was certainly believed to be true) and still remains largely true within those professions where a man needs very little equipment—politics, the arts, academic life, journalism.

The people who followed these professions—the most vocal groups in the United States—were consequently dismayed when the results of Professor Lloyd Warner's pioneering study of a New England town percolated to them; in the big volumes of the *Yankee City* series (subsequently admirably summarized by Warner in *Portrait of American Life*, 1952) the author and his colleagues found that, in this stable community, considerations of social class (based on ancestry, wealth, creed, ethnic origin, and occupation) played a predominant role in the preference received and the influence exercised by individuals within the community. This result was so contrary to the American myth that it was challenged, and the investigations were repeated, by Warner and his colleagues in the Middle West, and by other researchers in a number of other cities in the United States. The results were only roughly comparable—away from the Atlantic seaboard prestige was less, and education more, influential—and the number of classes which can be differentiated is still a matter of dispute; but it is now firmly established that there is a hierarchy of classes in all United States communities, that the people in the top class are proud of including aspiring members into their group, and that the children of members of the higher classes stand a much greater chance of reaching good positions in business and the professions, and have preferential claims on medical services and education. Education is probably the most important single criterion, and business and social success in later life depend greatly on the acquisition of a degree from a major university. Children whose parents give them a good education are favoured; those who leave school early are handicapped. If it were not for the myth, this would hardly be surprising; but for believers in the myth it is a horrid shock. Vance Packard, who is a competent journalist, has spread this shock successfully by writing up some of these sociological

results in a feverish now-it-can-be-revealed fashion, heavily spiced with moralizings deploring the departure from the old 'tradition'. He has not done this task very well. Although he can read sociological publications, he does not think sociologically; he is not really interested in the two-thirds of the American population who make up the working classes, he has no material on rural life, and even in urban life his interest is almost entirely confined to top business management, advertising addressed to this market, and social clubs. The result is rather similar to the 'U' discussions in this country some years ago, giving tips or reprimands to aspiring or pretentious readers. Stylistically, the book is written slickly but without distinction: not a bit like our Miss Mitford.

Two portions of Mr. Packard's material have some novelty. In the United States one-class housing estates are going up in great numbers for the prosperous middle classes, rather than, as here, for the working classes; and the results of this on the children may be significant. Doctors are now the most prosperous professional group in the U.S.A.; they seem to be trying to keep their numbers down, make medical service very expensive, and, even in free hospitals, are more likely to give their services to people approximating their own class level. These two points apart—and they are only dealt with summarily—readers who want to know about class structure in the U.S.A. would do better to go to the original sources rather than read this synthetic digest.

GEOFFREY GORER

Stand on Me. By Frank Norman.

Secker and Warburg. 16s.

Mr. Norman has made his contribution to penology with his *Bang to Rights*, a book that ought to be compulsory reading for anyone in a position to send a fellow man to corrective training. And now he makes his contribution to sub-cultural anthropology. He has, the blurb tells us, taken the lid off Soho. If you expect lights and glamour you will be disappointed. Mr. Norman's dust-bin is drab and quiet—not what you would call 'peaceful', but mainly inhabited by people blessed with an astonishing capacity for doing nothing, without, except occasionally, being browned off. The centre-piece is a café, No. 86, kept by a long-suffering Greek called Gregorius. His customers were tarts, queers of both sexes, down-at-heel artists, and layabouts. Frank was a layabout, half-starved and chronically skint, except when he conned a few bob off another bum who happened to be flush. He slept in the park, on the floors of bombed basements, or with a tart coming off her night-shift. Sometimes he set up a temporary home with a girl, but it always ended in a good cry. He would take another girl home, have her, feel ashamed, and then get the needle when he was upbraided. He could not bear to lose face, and so of course he behaved badly and shouted. He had bouts of drug-taking, but this was expensive until the brilliant idea occurred to his friend Snowball that they might grow their own in one of the hot-houses at Kew. This, however, did not prove a lasting solution.

Every now and then this dreary layabout life was interrupted. The cops would make a raid, or someone, like Frank himself, would get carved up. Being carved up had its rewarding

side because any geezer with a stripe on his boat was not to be played with. But the dullness of it all, and the hunger, sitting for hours on end waiting for someone to treat one to a cup of tea! Work, of course, was culturally out, but it was only when Frank met Bert that he really went on the screw, starting with a dirty big haul from a tobacconist. Then he had a full belly and decent clobber. True it was easy come easy go, for thieves are on the whole generous, but why he didn't go bent in a profitable way before Chapter 13 I can't imagine—stand on me. And it took Ron to teach him about passing dud cheques. He hadn't much initiative, hadn't Frank.

Of course books by crooks are sus, and this purports to be an autobiography. How do we know that Mr. Norman is not giving us some of the old moody? On the other hand his portrayal of life at No. 86 may be accurate. It is up to the geezers who do field-work in social anthropology to go and have a butcher's. If his story is true to life, he has given us another important document.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Gezira: A Story of Development in the Sudan. By Arthur Gaitskell. Colonial and Comparative Studies, edited by Margery Perham. Faber. 42s.

Before ever the state of what are now called underdeveloped countries had begun to disturb the minds of Western statesmen the 'tripartite partnership' in agricultural production on the Gezira plain of the Sudan had won a little discerning notice. In its early days the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium was indeed among the poorest of that class; thinly peopled, and far from any trade-route, it was rich only in land believed to have a high potential for cotton; but the best of that could be effectively used only by tapping Nile water on which the Egyptian overlord immemorially had first claim. The cost of a Nile dam being far beyond the Sudan's resources, the normal way out, given Egyptian approval, would have been in those days to buy the capital required with a land concession to some private venturer.

Lord Cromer and his successors were, however, shy of 'big capital'. To their credit they also wished for the ruled a future offering something better than endless wage-earning. Fairly soon, in 1904, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate got its concession, but only for a limited term of years. Next, with great originality, Government and Company, working together, made ingenious use of 'native custom'. The peasant workers, long used to sharing the proceeds of their crop with a landowner, and others with a claim upon them, agreed to the setting aside of 60 per cent. of the annual yield to pay the Government for its many services, and the Company for its continuous and highly expert guidance. The tenants thus became more than tenants, and much more than labourers; active partners, indeed, in a considerable business enterprise.

Mr. Gaitskell now tells the Gezira story as only a man could who had done nearly thirty years' service, was the Company's last manager, and (1950-52) first chairman of the Sudan Board which then took over. Chronological treatment was right; development, as he says, is not like piecing together the sections of a bookcase but

'more like the journey of a river'; thus, the very tributaries of the Gezira contributed to the eddies and cross-currents on a course that took it 'through the desert', and by more than one cataract. If this current has not even yet merged in the calm, open sea, Mr. Gaitskell is inclined, as he looks back, to follow the modern fashion of blaming the paternalism of 'colonialist' rulers. Yet on his own showing the Gezira project owed most of its success to repeated delays which, by enforcing a slow pace, gave both teachers and taught time to gain and to digest richly varied experience.

In its first years, while considering how best to proceed, the Government wisely and fortunately compiled a register of land rights and

reformed the land law. Then, while Egyptian loan funds did something to improve transport, and using 'risk' capital supplied (it is good to note) by a Rand mining house (Eckstein's), the Company had to be content with small, pilot, 'pumping' schemes. In 1912 it paid a first dividend, and Lancashire cotton interests then came in to press H.M. Government to help; but all too soon the first world war put a stop to the major irrigation project.

The Sennar dam was completed and the Gezira fully launched only in the year of its coming of age, 1925. Four promising years followed, but then the early 'thirties brought world-wide slump and, for good measure, an onset of cotton disease and crop failures. Only

very firm (paternal?) guidance could then save it. A slow recovery was barely complete before the second world war. This was, on the whole, a time of consolidation on the Gezira, but there was little to prepare the more political Sudan for 1950 to deal quite as it ought with the Korean war boom, which sent the peasant-partners an individual share of profits up to £800 a head, only to fall back next year to £300 or less.

One lesson stands out for the leaders of the underdeveloped countries: that paternalism is not enough. For them, and for all who think of development as an exercise in fitting together the prefabricated sections of a bureaucratic case, this book should be compulsory reading.

W. M. MACMILLAN

Short Stories and a Novel

Gold and Sand. By James Aldridge. Bodley Head. 13s. 6d.

Blackberry Wilderness. By Sylvia Berkman. Gollancz. 16s.

The Wayward Wife. By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

The Parish of Long Trister. By Michael Ramsbotham. Cresset Press. 16s.

ONE OF THE LIBERTIES that the short story gives to its author is that of dropping incidents and characters whenever and however he wants. It is interesting to see how my three short-story writers end their stories. Aldridge, for instance, in 'The Last Inch' (its hero is a middle-aged airman who has been through a grim adventure with his young son and yet still feels him to be a stranger to him), heightens the feeling in the last few lines, ending on an orchestral note, with the hero, and tacitly the author, making large promises and gestures towards the future. 'He would get to the boy. Sooner or later he would get to him . . .' Normally, that would be that; but he then begins a new story with the hero in just the same situation, having to justify these promises. This brings home to the reader just how much the suggestions of infinite possibilities of change and advance that such a story-ending leaves you with are not exactly false but true only as art. Here we have the hero back again, with very little changed or altered, at the most with a shade more self-knowledge.

It is characteristic of James Aldridge to have done this; he has an exceptional capacity for honesty. He is a model of what an extrovert writer should be. He has, what Kipling never had in writing of groups of men involved in action and violence, the ability to say 'we' without self-consciousness. He is open to experience, and especially to shared experience, without needing to analyse it. His heroes belong in a sense to the dumb-ox school, reacting to events only by means of some professional technique; and there is a kind of artistic compromise about certain of his stories, in that the technical and psychological elements fall into distinct compartments. He gives you, say, a remarkable and thrilling technical description of his hero's fight with a shark, but there is only a rather loose connexion between the interest of that and the human interest of his relations with his son. It is worth noting, by the way, that though he writes of the Russo-Finnish war and the Egyptian air force just before Suez, one wouldn't guess from his plots that he was a leftish writer; it comes out only in the stoical and optimistic tone and the undervaluing of death and the private sensibility.

Sylvia Berkman's stories make the most exact contrast possible with James Aldridge's, being mostly devoid of action and focusing on the moods and private sensibilities of the lonely and introverted. She has ingeniously forestalled criticism by imagining her old schoolmistress receiving just such a book of stories from her talented but baffling pupil. 'Her stories trouble me: I find them very strange', she muses. 'The atmosphere is often effective, but she gives the reader nothing to grasp . . .'. This little piece of strategy was hardly necessary, for in fact there is no rule which says a story must show human beings in action. Only if it is not to do so, then it ought to imply human potentialities that might elsewhere and in other circumstances have resulted in action of a significant kind. And in too many of her stories the moods of these isolated characters, sitting endlessly at the café terrace working over last night's dreams or making up fantasies about the waiter, seem based either on nothing in particular or on something that, when you arrive at it, is rather commonplace. Her schoolmistress's conclusion is that 'real talent has been turned to very strange ends'. And, in fact, the talent is certainly there. Miss Berkman has style, a sense of shape, a fluent and decorative eloquence that, as far as they go, have real distinction. 'Bending, she reached to draw the shutters on . . . good-bye, a long goodbye. And still Trevi gushed and tumbled its glittering cascades, pouring a bright eternal water-legend over slowly yielding stone'. So ends 'A Quiet Room in Rome', the story of a woman searching for a room in Rome and at last daring to face the old studio where she has had an unhappy affair. A prettification perhaps; but a beautiful and precisely achieved one.

I had forgotten how good Moravia was: that grave, ironic tone and marvellously agile mind, fixing scenes and human attitudes by some perfect and unexpected simile. The subject of almost all his stories is some state of the soul (they are states, and not merely moods, even in the slightest of them). A human situation, usually sexual, is described not for its own sake but for the special spiritual condition it eventually reveals; and sexual love in his work is

usually a disguise for something else, for a disgust, or boredom, the desire for the unknown, or, as in the charming 'The Woman from Mexico', the wish to take off one's thick clothes. Sometimes, I think, the short-story form, especially that freedom to drop a character when and where one chooses, tends to weaken the handling of the subject. It does so when it follows his hero into the heart of his particular condition and then abandons him, so that the reader is not to know whether he ever emerges from it; for the only way Moravia can find of ending such a story is, as it were, by pretending to interest in it, finishing it with an awkward, pointless piece of naturalistic flatness—'But the cold of the night was slowly penetrating his body, and at last he shook himself and, closing the window, went back and sat down in his armchair, opposite the empty bed upon which the light of the lamp fell', or 'The car motor off, entered on a long, straight stretch of road and ran swiftly on through the night, preceded by a white halo thrown by the headlights on the black ribbon of asphalt'. On the other hand, when the state is only a passing one, when, as in the title-story, the protagonist develops beyond it, the form works perfectly and gives a sharpness of outline that could have been obtained in a novel.

The Parish of Long Trister strikes one as fairly obviously a first novel and also rather definitely as a middlebrow one. The reason is perhaps the same, that the author hasn't taken up a sufficiently definite attitude towards his material. Here we have a familiar west-country village, with a local eccentric or two, mischance, making gossip, a story about bastardy, a motor-dominated vicar seduced by a passionate emancipated girl, herself torn between love and hatred for her parents. The ingredients are possible enough; what is lacking is any sort of point of view, and it is this, rather than a lack of skill, that gives stiffness and irrelevance to a lot of the dialogue and allows the author to bring in a character (such as his sex-criminal) to aid the plot in some crucial way and to drop him without letting us get to know anything about him as a person.

P. N. FURBER

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Pessimist Confounded

PERHAPS THE WISEST mood in which to switch on and sit down is pessimism. At any rate it covers the event. If the programme is unexpectedly good, then there is a pleasant surprise; and if it is expectedly bad, there is at least the comfort of correct prognosis. To pick on programmes which one expects to be truly awful, however, argues a certain spirit of mischief—a spirit which is apt to rebound upon one smartly if it turns out not so bad after all. I must plead thoroughly guilty in selecting 'Meeting Point' (January 10), which was advertised as George Scott discussing the Christian attitude to the 'sharp increase in nude shows and "X" films' with a Christian and a Psychiatrist. I sat down to this with two questions, both (as we used to say when learning Latin in school) expecting the answer No. Would they dig down below the personal to the social motivations of these things? And the answer was indeed No. And would they avoid the usual pious platitudes? And, to my rather shamed surprise, the answer was a resounding Yes.

However, if I was surprised, George Scott was astounded: he said so, and one actually physically saw the curious process enshrined in the phrase 'his jaw dropped'. He started out by asking plaintively why contemporary London night-life contrasted so badly with Victorian morality in such matters: and one's fears seemed about to be justified, as one realized that for him 'Victorian' was just a vague word indicative of general goody-goodness rather than the epithet of a solidly documented historical period. However, with his very first words the Psychiatrist put him firmly right about that, pointing out that modern nocturnal London is a young ladies' seminary compared with its equivalent of a century ago; and then went on to *épater les chrétiens* by maintaining that, agreed that the emotional patterns of the spectators of such things were infantile and to that extent bad, nevertheless these opportunities for outlet were good. Indeed he went much farther than most of us would. And then the *chrétien* refused to be in the least *épaté*, thus turning the joke wholeheartedly upon Scott and me, and more or less agreed with everything the Psychiatrist had said. And down went poor Scott's jaw another couple of notches.

All the same they did, in my view and as I suggested earlier, fail to get down to the fundamental: which, as I see it, is that such things as 'nude shows' are the necessary result of the sexual climate in which we are all brought up; and that the principal agent in the formation of that climate over the centuries has been, precisely, the Christian Church. The Christians, in fact, were met to discuss some of the unfortunate outcomes of their own attitudes; but they did not admit or consider that. I hasten to add that I do not for one moment wish to beg the

question of whether those attitudes will not have produced in the long run more good than bad, or whether these current symptoms are or are not preferable to those that they will have replaced.

In 'Mission to No-Man's Land' (January 13) Yul Brynner reported on the refugee camps of Europe. No one could fail to be moved by the mere content of such a programme, by the horror of perfectly able men being incarcerated in camps *since the end of the war* simply because appropriate work and guarantees could not be



'Mission to No-Man's Land': Yul Brynner talking to refugees at a camp in Europe

found for them. All the same, I rather object to the stern way in which we were told that all this is Our Fault. It is always pleasant to indulge in vicarious guilt, but really! Our fault as individuals? Except on some mystical plane, the assertion is absurd. As a nation? Well, Britain has received her fair share of refugees both immediately after the war and subsequently, but I do not know that any have been languishing in camps for fifteen years. Help, yes, to the extent of all our powers; but I do not feel that maudlin self-accusation really matches up to the realities of the matter.

Sir Brian Horrocks gave us a brilliant account of 'The Royal Marines' on January 12. Like the good general that he is, Sir Brian knows that for maximum effect one must concentrate, not disperse, one's forces: so, instead of succumbing to the temptation to give a 'balanced view', he devoted most of his attention to a detailed examination of two classic Marine actions—an efficient solution to a formidable problem.

'Foreign Language', a Canada Film Board item on January 13, which I missed on its first showing in August, was an object lesson in the virtues of clean lines and simple material. Here were no complex sets, tricky montage, or expensive actors. Roughly speaking, a camera was stuck into an English-language class-room for foreign immigrants, and let run. The result was memorable.

Chan Canasta is back, bewitching half an hour's air each Wednesday. And so are Hans

and Lotte Hass on Thursdays: their material well up to their usual high standard, and commentary has outgrown most of its former archness, with benefits to one and all.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Bear among the Butterflies

THE EXACT DESCRIPTIVE PHRASE for Jean Anouilh's *Colombe* (January 17) has already been supplied by the playwright himself, who includes it among his '*pièces brillantes*'. All the associations of brilliancy apply to it: besides the surface glitter of the writing, it is about a group of people meretriciously dazzling as stars, with jewellery, and in revealing the way it revolves like a diamond disc, closing a sequence of exquisite cut facets.

'The French brilliant', states the *Oxford English Dictionary*, 'consists of two truncated pyramids placed base to base'. Whether or not M. Anouilh had this in mind, *Colombe* adheres to a similar form, rising from an abbreviated exposition to a sustained central climax, then falling away to a forced shortened ending. The boorish Julien puts his sweet intimidator wife in the keeping of his actress mother and departs to join the army: instantly at home in the theatre company, *Colombe*, changes virtuous docility for freedom and pleasure, and when the suspicious husband returns, half way through, he finds he has an accomplished *cocotte* to deal with. It is a contest between equals. Thereafter the husband's loss becomes complete, his penurious constancy being no match for the delight she has found outside marriage; and she destroys his last illusion by pointing out that when he married her, she was anything but an innocent little flower girl. The play's brief epilogue follows: a marvellously ironic reverie depicting the first encounter between Julien and *Colombe*, a tremblingly chaste declaration of love ending with the words 'I'm sure of it . . . for always'.

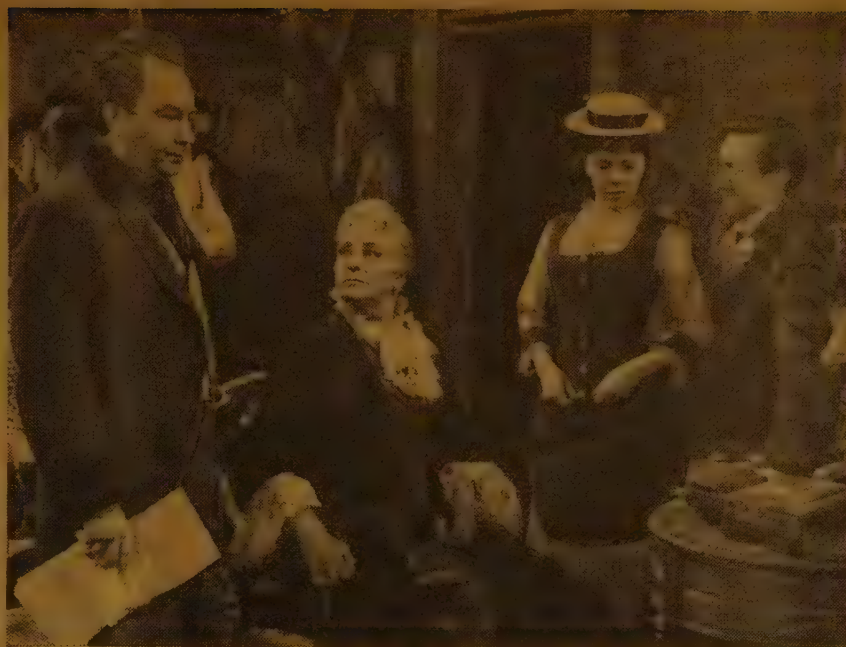
In Naomi Capon's production the last act was rearranged so that it ended with a bleak return to the present and an exchange of great significance between Julien and the sadistic Surette. In another performance there would probably have been a mistaken procedure but in Miss Capon's it came logically after a consistently unsympathetic presentation of Julien. He certainly appears a humourless and domineering prig to begin with, but as the game goes against him so he emerges, though still a bear, with more dignity and genuineness of feeling than the butterflies around him possess. The backstage atmosphere, with rival suitors swarming round *Colombe* and the regal Madame Alexandra holding court in her dressing-room, came over with intoxicating buoyancy and style which was heightened by the solemnity of the show going on out front—as if a Comédie Française company should be performing Racine before

public and playing Feydeau the wings.

Dorothy Tutin's Colombe was beautifully graded reading rich, in spite of the expansion of the character; retained its original, quintessentially feminine compound of transparent adour and bottomless guile. The crown of the production, as one might have predicted, Françoise Rosay's Mme Alexandra. We have had to wait for this, and have now been rewarded with the sight of the thing itself. A mighty disgorge of animal magnetism. Formal adjectives—vain, self, materialistic, impulsive—cannot penetrate that superb alebone-girt figure whose imperious orders, overwhelming energies, and whirlwind bursts of intimacy showed the life force most imperiously in command.

Arthur Swinson's *Conflict at Kalanadi* (January 16) was a theatrical piece about the army which took its argument much more than I, for one, was expecting. The opening gave little enough hope of this. Native uprising in the Middle East; Brigadier gives in to dithering Deputy-Commissioner and imposes martial law. Enter Brigadier's daughter, straight from Oxford and full of leftish love-thy-neighbour theories. Brigadier very tolerant about these (ominous ones), and opens fire on a crowd, killing and maiming over 700.

From this point it became increasingly clear that Mr. Swinson was not writing to support a fixed code of values—army, or Oxford or Club. Political repercussions and a military court of inquiry allowed the action, for me, to turn on the question of the brigadier's assessment of the crisis; had he mistaken a riot for an insurrection? The findings go against him. Then Mr. Swinson pulls two quick surprises. The divisional commander reveals that in fact an insurrection had broken out and that the brigadier is being made a scapegoat to save the government's face: but he goes on to condemn the brigadier as a murderer because he had



A scene from Anouilh's *Colombe*, with (left to right) Peter Sallis as Robinet, Françoise Rosay as Mme Alexandra, Dorothy Tutin as Colombe, and Richard Pasco as Paul

enjoyed conducting the massacre. Personal and public motives have become inextricably entangled, and Mr. Swinson ends the play on a question mark: its whole point is that there is no 'right answer'.

Or so I decided afterwards. At the time one shared in the characters' confusion; for the defect of this admirably intended play is that complexity and inconclusiveness, necessary as content, have also dictated its form. Arnold Bell, as the brigadier, and Sebastian Shaw, as the divisional commander, gave thoughtful performances in Brandon Acton-Bond's highly strung production.

The Champion (January 12), an acceptable little comedy by Donal Giltinan, showed a bus strike being fanned up into a conflict of principles and resolved as a friction between personalities. The Netherwood-on-Sea *Evening Record*—consisting of an editor and a compositor—took some swallowing; and so did the rolling periods of the champion himself, the supernumerary passenger who caused the strike.

But the action was brisk and neat; Toke Townley and Harry Hutchinson (grinning skeletally from behind a flash-bulb camera) were obviously enjoying themselves; and if we are looking for plays with helpful messages, this certainly had one.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Knowing All

'TO KNOW ALL is to forgive all, and that would spoil everything'. This just observation by one of Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's characters came back to me half-way through the production of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* (Third, January 12). Was a comfortable loathing for Willy Loman, the 'hard-working drummer who ended in the ashcan', going to be spoiled by too much understanding of what had made him so nasty? On the whole it wasn't, and credit for this must be given partly to Sam Wanamaker, who played the part straight, giving all the greed, stupidity, lying, bullying, and whimpering of the hero their due weight and leaving only enough amiability to prevent one wondering why anyone had ever tolerated the creature.

It is a curious play. *Radio Times* told us that the tragedy lay in Willy being 'enmeshed in the appalling tentacles of the System'—which would be plausible only if Willy had not made love to his employment. There is, of course, a sociological moral. The Salesman is a pious devotee of success, the Bitch goddess, and cannot understand why she has forsaken him. In defeat he clings to all the dogma about the necessity of winning friends and influencing people, worries about missing 'the secret' of wealth and never quite blasphemes against personal attractiveness, smiling popularity, baseless optimism, and the crock of gold just round the corner. But there is more in the character than commercial cant and status seeking. He is also a born bore and a natural vampire living on the hopes and



Conflict at Kalanadi with (left to right) Arnold Bell as Brigadier Guy Ruddock, Lewis Gudge as Charles Semper, Ernest Hare as Lord St. Chad, and Roger Delgado as J. L. Bienkun, q.c.



The Champion, with (left to right, foreground) Leslie Dwyer as Edgar Pook, Hilda Fenimore as Millie Bowles, Richard Pearson as Bob Johnson; (behind) Toke Townley as Henry Tadpole, Frank Atkinson as an alcoholic passenger

emotions of his children—qualities peculiar to no single culture, and rubbed in with fascinated disgust.

The younger son, Happy, pleases Pop by making money and almost satisfies himself by collecting mistresses whom he despises. Biff, the elder son, is more genuinely a victim, losing job after job because he needs to steal, yearning vaguely for a supposedly healthy farming life, and noisily disillusioned with father; but he is also a vain fool. A point of decent sanity is provided by Linda, the wife and mother; and Tucker McGuire broke across the squabbling fantasies well, giving life to crucial lines like: 'A terrible thing is happening to him, so attention must be paid'. The easy kindness of the shrewd neighbour, Charley, was as quietly managed as it should be by John Glen. There is enough conflict in the play to keep the action going strongly, and the flashbacks which are there to clarify everyone's motives and neuroses and make Willy's suicide inevitable are cunningly placed and theatrically plausible.

Of course it had to be clear to the listener that in despair Willy would reiterate his wretched articles of belief and nag away at everyone with appeals for love whether they were granted or not. But his echoing 'think-balloon' invocations of the tediously triumphant Uncle Ben became a bore. This was a good, unfussy production which would have hit harder if it had been half an hour shorter.

Close Quarters (Home, January 16) was a radio version of an English adaptation of W. O. Somin's play *Attentat*. It is a showpiece of love, fear, suspicion, argument and confession for two players. A cabinet minister has been murdered, and circumstantial evidence points to a revolutionary intellectual. In fact his wife, who has been seduced and then blackmailed into turning informer against her husband's party, is guilty. A brilliant performance by Flora Robson almost concealed the machinery of contrived tension and disclosure, and after a shaky start Maurice Denham made his infinitely un-English intellectual credible. But the trick ending made the whole thing nonsense. The production was better than the play deserved.

That mildly witty French frivolity doesn't translate for us was sadly demonstrated by *An Angel of No Importance* (Home, January 11). The saucy celestial visitant (Mai Zetterling) was engagingly silly, and some social and amorous disadvantages about having an angel in the house were neatly pointed. But when she casually reported with a giggle that she had been talking to the goldfish who had told her that they were God's masterpieces and the final achievement of evolution, it suddenly showed the rest of the jokes to be parlour fireworks, prudently unexplosive.

A nativity play with no lack of humour which has been transplanted effectively is *The Ox and the Ass*, by Jules Supervielle (Third, January 14). It answers the sort of question fairly asked by small children about the animals in the manger story, and is a legend vivid and hard enough to please that demanding audience if there was a time when they could hear it. I would not have expected *musique concrète* to suit anything of this kind, but it followed the mood unobtrusively well.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Reconstruction and Reality

THE IMMORTAL *salon* is an inviting prospect, for it not only entertains, it fulfils a high artistic purpose. Drop in on Mme Récamier, and you find Chateaubriand reading *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* to Sainte-Beuve; call on la Présidente, and there's Baude-

laire writing sonnets and Flaubert and the Goncourts being outrageous. Visit Mme de Caillavet, and you find yourself face to face with Anatole France reciting his set piece, his *morceau de bravoure*, to a captive audience. And turn your footsteps, at any time between 1885 and 1894, to Mallarmé's apartments, at 89 rue de Rome, and you will find a pride of artists, poets, and composers eagerly discussing artistic theory. Since Mallarmé spoke with splendour, since all his guests were documented down to their mannerisms and tone of voice, it remained only to reassemble them for a fictitious Tuesday, warm up the punch, and start them talking on a central theme: the Symbolist theme of poetry and music. Mr. G. W. Ireland did so (Third, January 11).

Alas, I cannot honestly say he did so with success. Arthur Symons gave a long and literary introduction; and there we were in the little dining-room. 'How do you do?' said a charming Etonian (Pierre Louys, I think). 'Why Debussy!' cried someone else (Harrow and Magdalen). 'How delightful! We see you all too rarely.' 'I say, Gide . . .'. Somehow the colour wasn't local, and none of the Anglo-Frenchmen seemed at home in Paris. They discussed everything we expected: the function of the theatre, 'Wagner, the significance of Hugo, and the marriage of poetry and music. But (like the gratified Monsieur Jourdain) they spoke nothing but prose; and they did so with demonstrably false enthusiasm. The only one to convince us that he minded about art was Mr. Marius Goring as Mallarmé. This, of course, was not entirely the fault of Mr. Ireland: but I could see all the joins in his mosaic. And I thought the programme was nicely described by the character who exclaimed: 'But this is all literature!' Or did he mean card-index?

There was no trace of card-index in the latest 'Verdict of the Court': the revised production of 'The Tichborne Claimant' (Home, January 14). Perhaps the second Tichborne trial was scamped rather hurriedly, but on the whole the Gilbertian affair came over very well, and I thought this reconstruction one of the most successful in Mr. Burroughs's series.

From reconstruction to reality. 'The Verdict of the Court' was aptly and immediately followed (Home, January 14) by 'Crime among Youth': John Freeman's investigation of the treatment of young offenders. I suppose it is now a platitude to congratulate Mr. Freeman, but I should like to offer a laurel leaf, all the same. I thought his survey little short of brilliant. He is the interviewer *par excellence*: a sympathetic listener, completely informed, alert, and sincere; and his sincerity was matched by the obvious sincerity of the speakers. I was impressed by the wisdom and tolerance of authorities, and especially by Mrs. Iremonger's comments on Borstal and the importance of constructive punishment. She made a convincing case for detention centres. I was also moved by the two ex-culprits who described the effects of birching, and the old man (how did Mr. Freeman find him?) who told us, graphically, how it felt to have eighteen strokes of the cat. 'It's like a house falling on you', he said. 'And you don't know what injury it's doing to your body'. He was still frightened, and his emotion came over. I think Mr. Freeman might give us an awe-inspiring survey of capital punishment; but meanwhile we must be grateful for being shown our own crime-wave in an international perspective, and having our social senses very much sharpened.

'The Disappearing God' (Third, January 15) was an appropriate complement to this survey. Mr. Corbett and Professor Gregor Smith met recently at a conference in Switzerland; and though Mr. Corbett was an agnostic and Professor Smith a Christian, they were surprised

to find how far they agreed. When they met again on Friday, we were somewhat surprised as well. Mr. Corbett was the more dogmatic of the two, and tended at first to lecture, not converse. Professor Smith was quietly persuasive and certainly seemed happier with his faith. Yet this faith was far from orthodox Christian, and he seemed to give away so much that the difference between believer and unbeliever appeared quite negligible. There was much in common between the Christian who 'clung to the transcendence of God' and the agnostic who had been 'looking all his life for something more than institutions'. One saw the barriers rapidly dissolving, and Mr. Corbett's Parthian shot, that certain differences were permanent, didn't sound (to me) all that convincing.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Music for the Home

THE PROGRAMMES of the last week, two, as well as the coming ones, show a welcome emphasis on chamber music. There were vital performances of two of Haydn quartets by the Allegri Quartet on January (Third) and the Aeolian group gave another. The Tuesday Concert (January 12, Home); a throughout the week there has been an unprecedented spate of chamber music, particularly in the late hours when it makes the only real civilized listening.

There were a number of rarities. Some of these were on records, such as the American Elliott Carter's austere impassioned String Quartet (January 15, Third) and Faure's Piano Trio (January 14, Third)—the former has never been available in this country and the latter ceases to be at the end of this month; others were live performances. Robert Simpson's The Quartet, written in 1953-4, is not the best work of his that I have heard; its themes are employed with such repetitive insistence that it has the impression that they are being used to demonstrate the form rather than the form being allowed to grow inevitably from the interaction. But it is an impressive piece for that and fully deserved its place in the programme of 'The Tuesday Concert'.

A new series containing all the quintets and sextets of Brahms, Mozart, and Dvořák has a got under way in the last fortnight, in 'Music at Night' on Wednesday evening (Home Service). The opening work was Brahms's Op. 109, presumably because it comes first in his total output and not because its use as incidental music to *Les Amants* ranks it as the year's sexiest sextet. 'Aimez-vous Brahms?' Well, the success of the film proved that quite a lot of people were prepared to like even his chamber music as long as they weren't aware that it was chamber-music, but I am afraid that few of them will have been listening to this broadcast.

With the gradual dying-out of home music making the public is losing its capacity to approach the classics as they were always approached in the past, from what was familiar and domestic. After all, chamber-music is not a kind of cheap substitute for an orchestra; rather the other way round—a Haydn symphony is a string quartet writ large, a Mozart concerto a more complex version of a piano quintet. London's musical life (not to mention the rest of the country's) is increasingly geared to mass consumption, and there is all too clear a danger that in another fifty years Haydn's quartets may be as unfamiliar to the average musician as Marenzio's madrigals, and as rarely performed.

Which brings me to another excellent reason why the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on its attempt it makes to encourage the performance of chamber-music. Just as singers brought up on madrigals prove invaluable in a choir, so orchestral

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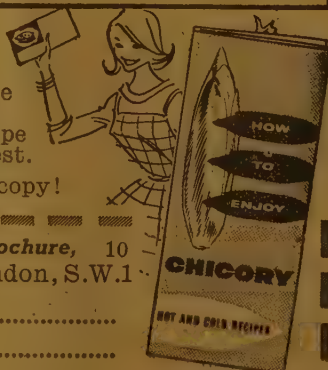
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al players need as much experience of chamber-music as they can get; it is the only training that provides sufficient practice in detailed balance, in articulation, in sheer musical thinking. If the string sections of our orchestras are ever to improve, some widespread patronage of chamber-music is essential.

Once again, of course, it was the 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (January 14, Third) that provided the week's most exciting listening. I have no wish to let it steal everything else's thunder week after week, but John Mitchinson's singing in Janáček's *The Diary of a Man who Disappeared* really must be mentioned; even though the calmer songs sounded a little unaltered this was a dramatic performance that

came within measurable distance of the artistry of Pears and the work's Czech interpreter, Benno Blachut. The other work in the programme was Alban Berg's Chamber Concerto, whose complexity, as one might expect from the composer of *Wozzeck*, stems from richness of feeling as well as of invention. The soloists, Yfrah Neaman and Wilfrid Parry, both sounded at home with more than the mere notes and played with considerable expressive power, but although the accompanying wind-band had been welded into a disciplined whole by Norman Del Mar, its several members seemed, with one or two exceptions, unwilling to risk much individuality in their solo passages.

The Bach cantatas sung by the London

Chamber Singers under Anthony Bernard the previous evening (Third) were also exceptionally welcome. This is another field that is too little ploughed in the course of our ordinary concert-going, though I see that Dr. Steinitz plans to give the whole cycle at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, over the next few years. There was some good singing on this occasion, most notably from Jean Allister, but one thing did mar the performance as a whole—an insufficiently phrased and articulated bass-line; if this rhythmic backbone is allowed to sag, the music sags with it, into the plodding caricature that so many people insist on regarding as 'authentic Bach'.

JEREMY NOBLE

Benjamin Britten and English Opera

By WILFRID MELLERS

'Peter Grimes' will be broadcast at 6.45 p.m. on Sunday, January 24 (Third)



IT IS UNLIKELY that any eighteen-year-old composer has created a work of greater distinction than Britten's *A Boy was Born*. In so far as it was a choral work based on a traditional Christian theme, it was part of the heritage of Holst and Vaughan Williams, through whom our music was reborn, after two centuries of darkness, in turning to the roots of our musical consciousness in folk-song and in medieval and renaissance liturgy. Where it differs from other returns to a relatively remote past is in the absence of other nostalgia or inhibition. The ripe chromaticism of Bax's or Peter Warlock's settings of medieval poems carries with it the knowledge that one is shut out from such single-mindedness; while Holst achieves it only by a denial—his spare texture and fourth-founded harmony of the lyrical warmth man needs to live by. The 'youthfulness' of Britten's music, on the other hand, seems to spring from a direct realization of what it felt like to live in a world dominated by faith. It is not a religious piece; it is simply about the growth of life in innocence. A boy is born indeed; and the affirmation is separable from the technical virtuosity. This is not merely a matter of contrapuntal skill. It so involves an element that one might call theatrical projection: the ability to discover—did composers of the baroque era—a musical image that 'enacts' aurally, even physically, the usual and psychological images of the poem.

It does not follow that Britten's *A Boy was Born* is a better piece of music than Bax's *Ora Te Filium* or Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*; but it does follow that there was in Britten's work the germ of a future evolution, whereas the works of Bax and Holst were two very different kinds of dead-end. For the theatrical projection of *A Boy was Born*—its cosmopolitan, unprovincial sense of style—led Britten instinctively towards opera: so that he took up the problems of English music not in a remote past but precisely at the time when our traditions lapsed at the end of the seventeenth century. Purcell's failure to create an English operatic tradition was not a personal failure but the deficiency of society. That had something to do with the vision epitomized in the Civil War; and that did something to do with the 'disassociation of sensibility' that in England split mind and senses, spirit and matter, more rapidly and more radically than elsewhere. Perhaps that breach had to be healed, and the heart reborn in innocence, before an English opera could be achieved. The breach was healed in *A Boy was Born*; and the fact that this is a work of genius—as compared with the talent displayed in instru-

mental pieces that Britten wrote about the same time—is related to the fact that it is conceived for the human voice. Yet Britten did not graduate direct from vocal polyphony to opera. Instead he began to explore the possibilities of operatic 'projection' by composing song cycles in the French and the Italian manners. Only when he had discovered how an English composer could exploit the heritage of European operatic styles—as Purcell had exploited the Italian and French conventions of his own time—did Britten explore the possibilities of an aria and arioso relevant to the English language. The tenor *Serenade* resembles Purcell's music in being at once eclectic and almost aggressively personal. One can tabulate the derivation of Britten's mannerisms—the melodies built on arpeggiated thirds, the expansive leaps, the pentatonic undulations—while knowing that his melodies have become unique, if not inimitable.

The creation of an English operatic idiom was not, however, a purely musical matter: the technical discovery involved also the discovery of the necessary myth. Looking back, we can see that all Britten's operas deal with the same parable: the renewal of innocence as the condition of human creativity. *A Boy was Born*—almost literally a boy's work—could with dazzling innocence create innocence in our minds and sense. The operatic works of Britten's maturity, on the other hand, are concerned with the fight between the Fool's simple heart and single mind and the corruptions of the world. *Peter Grimes* turns on the ancient myth of the Savage Man who in Eden would be innate goodness: whom the depravity of humanity renders destructive. Deprived of Ellen's love, Grimes's innocence turns to cruelty and he destroys the Boy who is his own soul. Then the World rounds on him, harries him to his death.

Though Grimes may be an unheroic hero, his predicament is genuinely tragic; and the progression from innocence to exile, to persecution, is a theme as relevant to our own times as Nahum Tate's and Purcell's rehashing of Dido's story was to theirs. Arioso—the human singing voice become dramatic enactment—is the core of Britten's opera as it is of Purcell's; and the element of theatrical projection in Britten's work now becomes reality. No opera is more evocative, yet at the same time precise, in its creation of time and place. The tang of the sea, the hues of Suffolk light, the bustle of anonymous human activity, are revealed through that baroque instinct for the appropriate musical image that first appeared in *A Boy was Born*. And this precise realization of the external world is in-

separable from the music-drama's insight into the mind and heart. Britten's music, in association with Slater's adaptation of Crabbe, achieves its deepest insight through its operatic objectivity; and its Englishness is revealed through its eclecticism.

Albert Herring has the same theme as *Grimes*, treated comically instead of tragically. Herring is again the natural fool, a pathetic if not heroic figure; and though his exile and destruction by the World turn out to be only a charade, that does not deflate the almost-tragic potency of the threnody sung for him. These two operas most convincingly attain a balance between the private and the public aspects of Britten's habitual theme. In *The Rape of Lucrece* there is much heart-felt and exquisite music; but the Christian overtones of the end strike an uncomfortable, even synthetic, note. Perhaps something the same is true of *Billy Budd*. The profound humanity of Grimes comes from the fact that the light of innocence and the dark of depravity are both within him. In *Billy Budd* the separation of Billy's light from Claggart's darkness emphasizes the personal at the expense of the 'universal' aspects of the theme, so that there is something a little neurotic, even pretentious, about the dragging in of the Crucifixion. This may explain why *Billy Budd* has not become an accepted part of operatic repertory, in the way *Peter Grimes* has, though there is a sense in which *Billy Budd* is the more consummately realized work.

Still more completely fulfilled, imaginatively and technically, is Britten's most recent full-length opera, *The Turn of the Screw*. Perhaps it is not fortuitous that this piece tackles the basic theme most directly: for Henry James's horrifying *conte* enters the world of the child to explore the corruption of innocence. Britten's tightly organized score sees the innocence of the nursery ditty—which he had entered into in his own most touching children's operas—against the ghastly machinations of human spirits that have died in losing the innocence that they, presumably, once possessed. Britten's theatrical magic has never been more insidious; we submit whether we will or no. But the private claustrophobia of the piece means that it cannot challenge the human validity of *Peter Grimes*. It is good to hear that Britten is now at work on an opera based on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Shakespeare's play is also about innocence and the self-deceptions that prevent its flowering; but it is life-celebrating rather than death-stricken. Perhaps the Boy will be born again, and the Dream followed by another tragic masterpiece that complements *Peter Grimes*.

The Sign of the Swastika

(concluded from page 112)

the return of all former German territories; for the removal from German soil of all foreign troops; and for the restoration of a great independent Reich. Rabid nationalists today wear a Reich cross, which some believe could become the swastika of tomorrow.

'New' nazi literature has given a spur to the right-wing youth groups. A few years ago these youth groups appeared innocuous. There were dozens of them. And the smaller ones changed names and swapped members incessantly. Today, these groups may have 40,000 members, or, as the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Schroeder, told me, inexplicitly, only a 'few thousands'; but their composition has changed—they have centralized, and about twenty-five groups are today concentrated into three main associations. This makes for better co-ordination, for increased influence, and for the quicker spread of reactionary sentiments. Undoubtedly the ideas of these groups are reactionary. Here are some of the National League of Students: the reversal of the Federal Government's 'weak-kneed' policies towards the Western Powers; the release of war criminals, and the end of 'defamation' of German officers who served their country; the re-establishment of a 'greater Germany' which would include Austria and the so-called German East; the rejection of the 'historical lie' that Germany attacked Poland.

The German genius for organization may

make these youth groups—like some of the ex-soldiers' organizations—hotbeds of reaction; and reaction would encourage anti-semitism. In the nineteen-thirties the Jews were blamed for a world economic crisis; in the nineteen-sixties they can be blamed for world political chaos. Since Hagen, Germans like to have handy villains. The Soviet Union is somewhat remote, almost an abstraction; the frustrated and fearful might well prefer to pick on the Jews.

What conclusions, then, should one draw from the anti-semitic incidents? The first, surely, is not to exaggerate their scope; possibly a couple of hundred people have taken part. Behind this handful stand a few thousand producers and purveyors of 'new' nazi literature, and larger numbers of right-wing ex-soldiers and youth; but ranged against them are 6,000,000 members of democratic youth groups and a Bundeswehr which is being brought up as a citizen army. Only a single Bundeswehr soldier has been concerned in an anti-semitic outrage. Emphatically, there is no wave of new anti-semitism in western Germany today.

Secondly, anti-semitism can be kept within bounds by legislation. The present law against the expression of racist views needs only minor amendment; the legal authorities must be able to apply it themselves without requiring a citizen to bring a private charge. Even more can be done to limit anti-semitism by teaching the history of

the nazi past in the schools and in the home. In both this has been sadly neglected.

Thirdly, nazi ideology's powers of survival have been underestimated. It was too soon forgotten that Hitler identified himself with the hopes, beliefs, and inmost thoughts of the German people. Under his caste system he delegated special responsibilities. Is it surprising, then, that his paladins and those who served under them still venerate his teachings? Anti-semitism was only one facet of them but it happened to be older than nazism and was sure to survive longer. During the next fifteen years there will be plenty of vigorous, unrepentant ex-nazis ready to inflame an instinct, which is centuries old, for regarding the Jews as a foreign body in the community. These ex-nazis have a special attraction: they have stayed loyal to the beliefs which they embraced under Hitler. Anti-semitism is just one of the psychological strains which Germany must bear for years to come; another is the memory of the past.

Could one visualize, for instance, a British Cabinet Minister being accused of mass murder? That is happening today in West Germany. The presence of 12,000,000 refugees in Western Germany is a major stress; the division of Germany an even bigger one. Nor will anti-semitism wither overnight. Even so, the West German community needs support and sympathy, and on the whole it deserves it.

—Third Programme



Expert Bidding Contest: Heat I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE BROADCAST of January 17 was the first of a new series in which international players competed in bidding matches, conducted in two studios on the 'thinking aloud' principle. Mr. B. Schapiro and Mr. L. Tarlo opposed Mr. A. F. Truscott and Mr. R. A. Priday, and this was the first of the two hands, dealer being West at Love All:

WEST	EAST
♠ None	♠ A J 10 6 5 4 3
♥ K Q 4	♥ A 10 7
♦ A K Q 5 2	♦ None
♣ A Q 8 6 5	♣ K J 7

Mr. Schapiro (West) and Mr. Tarlo opened with the following auction:

WEST	EAST
2 D	2 S
3 C	4 C
4 H	5 S
6 C	No Bid

Mr. Schapiro had considered an opening bid of Two Clubs but decided against it on the grounds that his first natural bid would then be Three Diamonds, and since he had to bid a two-suiter, the bidding might be unnecessarily crowded. Over Four Clubs Schapiro had wanted to show his further interest: the bid he chose, Four Hearts, suggested a heart void to his partner, who explained that since the heart bid

was unlikely to show a suit, it was probably a cue-bid, showing a first-round control. It was felt by the judges that over Four Clubs a conventional bid of Four No Trumps (Culbertson) by West might have been the most helpful bid. Six Clubs scored six out of ten. Mr. Priday and Mr. Truscott scored one point more with a final contract of Six No Trumps, reached as follows:

WEST	EAST
2 C	2 S
3 D	3 S
3 NT	4 H
5 C	6 NT
No Bid	

After West (Mr. Truscott) had opened Two Clubs, they never got to terms with the problem: West's bid of Five Clubs was read as a cue-bid; thus, in effect, the club suit was never bid. Mr. Truscott suggested later that he could have put matters right with a jump to Six Clubs after his partner's bid of Four Hearts. The optimum contract on the hand was judged to be Seven Clubs.

The second hand, a part score, with dealer West at Game All, proved even more difficult:

WEST	EAST
♠ 7	♠ A 10 6 4 2
♥ K 5	♥ J 7 3
♦ A Q J 4	♦ K 10 6
♣ K Q 10 7 5 3	♣ 6 4

Both pairs bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
1 C	1 S
2 D	2 S
No Bid	

Full marks would have gone to a final contract of Three Clubs; Two Diamonds was judged second best, seven out of ten, and there were consolation awards for part score and game contracts in clubs and No Trumps. Both West players judged their partners to have a six-card spade suit and felt that Two Spades offered their best chance of a plus score. Mr. Tarlo had considered Three Clubs as his alternative bid to Two Spades, and Mr. Priday made Three Diamonds his second choice, while Mr. Truscott favoured a temporizing bid of Two Hearts.

The judges, too, differed about East's choice of bid. Reese felt that the choice lay between Three Clubs and Two No Trumps and Franklin thought it was between Three Clubs and Two Spades. Franklin thought it would not be a mistake for West to go on to Three Clubs if there were hands on which East's best action might have been to rebid a five-card spade suit. Reese maintained that in that case the spade suit should be stronger.

With neither side scoring on the second hand, Mr. Truscott and Mr. Priday go forward to the final, winners by seven points to six.

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- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1/3 pint of water (approx.)

Pie Filling:

- 1 lb. of lean pork
- Pinch of powdered nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon of mixed herbs or sage
- Pepper and salt
- 1 egg yolk (for brushing outside of pie)
- 1 pig's trotter (for jelly stock)
- 1 tablespoon of water

Sieve the flour and salt in a bowl. Put the fat and water into a saucepan and bring to the boil. When melted, pour the liquid into the flour and stir by hand. Turn the paste on to a floured board and knead until smooth. Cut off about a quarter of the paste for the lid and decorations, and keep it warm, as this paste hardens as it cools. Roll out to required thickness, keeping the paste in a round. To mould the paste put it on a large inverted jar, and press with your hands to the shape of the mould, turning all the time. Trim the top edge with a knife while it is on the mould. For a 6-inch pie or larger, roll out to 3/4-inch thickness, but for smaller pies roll much thinner.

Mix all the ingredients for the filling well together, and fill pie to within 1/2 an inch of the top of the pastry case. Roll out the remaining paste into a rough round for the lid and decorations, and cut the top to size. Damp the edge of the lid and firmly press on the inside of pie. Crimp the edge and decorate with leaves, leaving a hole in the centre. Place the pie on a baking tin and bake: electric ovens approximately 425° and gas ovens approximately 6 for about 3/4 of an hour for a 6-inch

pie. Remove the pie, brush with beaten egg yolk and return to the oven for a further 1/4 of an hour, at the same temperature.

For pouring into the pie after it is cooked use stock made from a pig's trotter and water simmered together for at least 2 hours. Strain the stock and fill the pie, using a funnel, so that the pie is completely filled. Allow to stand and soak in, then top up with more stock until it slightly overflows into the top crust. This pie must not be eaten until absolutely cold.

ZENA SKINNER

—Television 'Cookery Club'

Gold-and-Silver Soufflé

The following quantities will give about eight or nine good helpings of gold-and-silver soufflé:

- 3 eggs
- 6 oz. of caster sugar
- 1 orange } to make 5 tablespoons of mixed juice
- 1 lemon }
- Grated rind of one of the fruits—whichever flavour you want to predominate
- 1/2 oz. of powdered gelatine

Dissolve the gelatine in 3 tablespoons of hot water and keep aside. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and put the yolks aside. Whip the egg whites until stiff and leave till you need them. Grate the rind of whichever fruit you have decided to use and keep this ready. Beat the yolks with the sugar until light and creamy, add the fruit juice, which should amount to not less than about five tablespoons. (Generally speaking you should find one orange and one lemon enough.) Add the rind, the gelatine which you have dissolved in the water, and beat to a light fluffy consistency. Now fold in the stiff whites of eggs carefully, and turn the mixture into a serving dish. Put in the refrigerator or leave in a cold larder to set.

For special occasions, you can beat up some double cream and spread it over the top, and decorate with crescents of tinned mandarins, or

halved grapes or glacé cherries, or chopped nuts, or any sort of fruit you like. This sweet is especially useful for a party, for everything can be prepared the day before, with the exception of the cream.

MOLLY WEIR—'Today'

Notes on Contributors

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REV. R. GREGOR SMITH (page 127): Professor of Divinity, Glasgow University; author of *Still Point, The New Man*, etc.

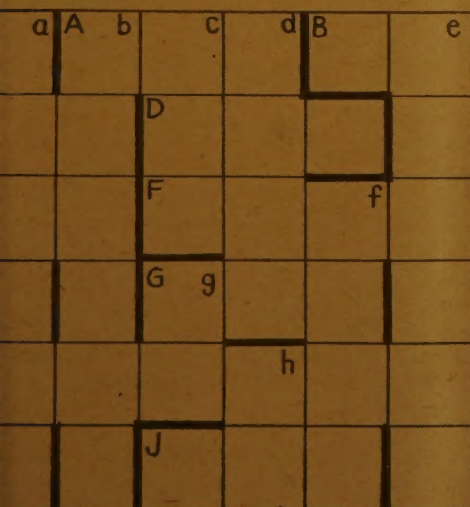
Crossword No. 1,547.

Recurring Undecimals.

By pH7

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The decimals representing sevenths to base 10 consist of the same six figures recurring in the same fundamental sequence. E.g. $\frac{1}{7} = .142857$, $\frac{2}{7} = .285714$. A similar property is shown by several other fractions to bases other than 10, although for some more than one sequence is needed to represent all numerators.

The clues are the fractions which the sequences—the lights—represent, bases unspecified. The eleven unchecked figures comprise two each of 1, 8 and X, and five others totalling twenty-four. (Capital letters across, small letters down.)

CLUES

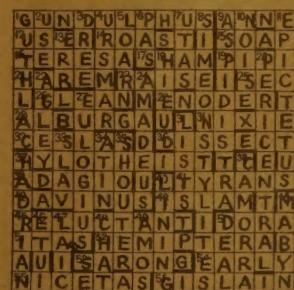
- a = 2A
- a = D = 3b
- b = J = c × C
- c = G (rev) = A + b
- B + h = 1
- C = d (rev) = 2f (rev)

$$E \times e \text{ (rev)} = h$$

$$F \text{ (rev)} = g = 2C$$

$$H \times D = B$$

Solution of No. 1,545



NOTE

The names of the twenty saints used all appear in *The Book of Saints* compiled by the Benedictine Monks of Marmgate (London 1921).

1st prize: J. S. Lucking (Warwick); 2nd prize: Miss M. Cornwall (Edinburgh); Canon B. F. Relton (Kent)

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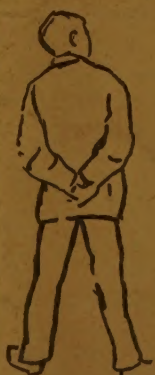
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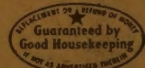
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